



**DELHI UNIVERSITY**  
**LIBRARY**

## DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl. No 0:1M84x

Ac. No. 58361

Date of release for loan.

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of 5 Paise will be collected for each day the book is kept overtime.

[illegible]



*The Collected Poems of*  
**JAMES ELROY FLECKER**





*The Collected Poems of*  
*JAMES ELROY FLECKER*

Edited  
with an Introduction  
by Sir John Squire

London  
Secker and Warburg  
1947

LONDON: MARTIN SECKER & WARBURG LTD.  
7 JOHN STREET, W.C. 1

FIRST EDITION 1916  
LIMITED EDITION (500 LARGE PAPER) 1923  
14th IMPRESSION 1933  
SECOND EDITION, RESET AND REVISED, 1935  
REPRINTED 1938  
REPRINTED 1941  
THIRD EDITION, RESET AND REVISED, 1946  
REPRINTED 1947

PRINTED IN THE NETHERLANDS BY  
HOLDERT & CO. N.V.  
AMSTERDAM

## CONTENTS

- Introduction to First Edition*, ix  
*Introduction to Edition of 1935*, xxv  
*Editorial Note to the Edition of 1935*, xxix  
*Editorial Note to the Edition of 1946*, xxx

### JUVENILIA

- Four Translations and Adaptations from Catullus, 1  
Sirmio, 4  
Lucretia, 5  
Song in the Night, 8  
Glion — Noon, 9  
Glion — Evening, 10  
Last Love, 11  
Fragments of an Ode to Shelley, 11

### LATER POEMS

- A New Year's Carol, 17  
From Grenoble, 18  
Narcissus, 18  
Inscription for Arthur Rackham's 'Rip Van Winkle', 20  
Envoy, 20  
Rioupérroux, 21  
Mignon, 21  
Tenebris Interlucentem, 22  
The First Sonnet of Bathrolaire, 22  
The Second Sonnet of Bathrolaire, 23  
The Ballad of Hampstead Heath, 24  
Litany to Satan, 26  
The Translator and the Children, 28  
Destroyer of Ships, Men, Cities, 28  
Oxford Canal, 29  
Hjalmar Speaks to the Raven, 31  
The Ballad of the Student in the South, 32  
The Queen's Song, 33  
On Turner's Polyphemus, 34  
The Bridge of Fire, 35  
We That Were Friends, 38  
My Friend, 38

Ideal, 39  
 Mary Magdalen, 41  
 I Rose from Dreamless Hours, 42  
 Prayer, 42  
 The Piper, 43  
 The Masque of the Magi, 43  
 To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence, 45  
 Heliadora, 46  
 Love, the Baby, 47  
 Ballad of the Londoner, 47  
 Resurrection, 48  
 Dulce Lumen, Triste Numen, Suave Lumen Luminum, 48  
 Joseph and Mary, 50  
 The Lover of Jalalu'ddin, 52  
 Donde Estan? 53  
 The Town without a Market, 55  
 A Western Voyage, 57  
 Invitation, 58  
 War Song of the Saracens, 59  
 The Ballad of Camden Town, 60  
 Gravis Dulcis Immutabilis, 62  
 Fountains, 63  
 Dirge, 63  
 The Parrot, 64  
 Lord Arnaldos, 66  
 A Miracle of Bethlehem, 67  
 Felo-de-se, 73  
 The Welsh Sea, 74  
 In Memoriam, 74  
 Opportunity, 75  
 No Coward's Song, 76  
 Pillage, 77  
 The Ballad of Zacho, 78  
 Pavlova in London, 80  
 The Sentimentalist, 82  
 Don Juan in Hell, 83  
 The Ballad of Iskander, 84  
 The Golden Journey to Samarkand, 90  
 Epilogue, 91  
 Gates of Damascus, 95  
 Yasmin, 99  
 Saadabad, 100

The Hammam Name, 102  
 In Phæacia, 103  
 Epithalamion, 105  
 Hyali, 106  
 Santorin, 108  
 A Ship, an Isle, a Sickle Moon, 109  
 Oak and Olive, 110  
 Brumana, 112  
 Areiya, 114  
 Bryan of Brittany, 115  
 Don Juan Declaims, 119  
 The Painter's Mistress, 121  
 In Hospital, 122  
 Taoping, 123  
 Virgil's *Æneid*: Book VI, 125  
 The Dying Patriot, 135  
 A Sacred Dialogue, 136  
 The Old Ships, 138  
 The Blue Noon, 139  
 A Fragment, 140  
 Narcissus, 141  
 Stillness, 142  
 The Pensive Prisoner, 143  
 Hexameters, 144  
 Philomel, 145  
 From Jean Moréas' 'Stances', 146  
 The Princess, 147  
 Pannyra of the Golden Heel, 148  
 The Gate of the Armies, 149  
 November Eves, 150  
 God Save the King, 151  
 The Burial in England, 152  
 The True Paradise, 156  
 Ode to the Glory of Greece, 157  
 The Old Warship Ablaze, 161



## INTRODUCTION TO FIRST EDITION

### I

JAMES ELROY FLECKER was born in London (Lewisham) on November 5th, 1884. He was the eldest of the four children of the Rev. W. H. Flecker, D.D., now Head Master of Dean Close School, Cheltenham. After some years at his father's school he went in 1901 to Uppingham, proceeding to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1902. He stayed at Oxford until 1907 and then came to London, teaching for a short time in Mr. Simmons' school at Hampstead. In 1908 he decided to enter the Consular Service, and went up to Cambridge (Caius College) for the tuition in Oriental languages available there. He was sent to Constantinople in June 1910, was first taken ill there in August, and in September returned to England and went to a sanatorium in the Cotswolds. He returned to his post, apparently in perfect health, in March 1911; was transferred to Smyrna in April; and in May went on leave to Athens, where he married Miss Helle Skiadaressi, a Greek lady whom he had met in the preceding year. He spent three months' holiday in Corfu, and was sent to Beyrout, Syria, in September 1911. In December 1912 he took a month's leave in England and Paris, returning to Beyrout in January 1913. In March he again fell ill, and after a few weeks on the Lebanon (Brumana) he went to Switzerland, where, acting on his doctors' advice, he remained for the last eighteen months of his life. He stayed successively at Leysin, Montreux, Montana, Locarno, and (May 1914) Davos, where on January 3rd, 1915, he died. He is buried in Cheltenham at the foot of the Cotswold Hills.

His published books include:

Verse: *The Bridge of Fire* (Elkin Matthews, 1907), *Forty-two Poems* (Dent, 1911), *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* (Goschen, 1913, now published by Martin Secker), and *The Old Ships* (Poetry Bookshop, 1915).

Prose: *The Last Generation* (New Age Press, 1908), *The Grecians* (Dent, 1910), *The Scholar's Italian Grammar* (D. Nutt, 1911), and



and I may state with absolute certainty that the only two persons who ever really influenced him in literary matters were the Oxford friend I have already mentioned and the lady whose devotion prolonged his life, and whose acute feeling for literature helped to a great extent to confirm him in his lofty ideals of artistic perfection.

"Although he never really finished the longer version of the *Burial* which he had projected, the alterations and additions he made that evening — 'Toledo-wrought neither to break nor bend' was one of the latter — were in the main improvements and in no way suggested that his end was so near. To me, of course, that poem must always remain intolerably sad, but, as I re-read it the other day, I asked myself whether the casual reader would feel any trace of the 'mattress grave' on which it was written. Candidly I do not think that even the sharpest of critics would have known, if he had not been told, that half the lines were written within a month of the author's death."

His letters, as is remarked above, were generally businesslike and blunt. I have found a few to myself: they are almost all about his work, with here and there a short, exclamatory eulogy of some other writer. He observes, in December 1913, that a journal which had often published him had given *The Golden Journey* 'an insolent ten-line review with a batch of nincompoops'; then alternately he is better and writing copiously, or very ill and not capable of a word. In one letter he talks of writing on Balkan Politics and Italy in Albania; in another of translating some war-poetry of Paul Deroulède's. Another time he is even thinking of 'having a bang at the Cambridge Local Examination . . . with a whack in it at B. Shaw.' Then in November 1914 he says: 'I have exhausted myself writing heroic great war-poems.' He might comprehensibly have been in low spirits, dying there in a dismal and deserted 'health resort' among the Swiss mountains, with a continent of war-zones cutting him off from all chance of seeing friends. But he always wrote cheerfully, even when desperately ill. The French recovery filled him with enthusiasm; he watched the Near Eastern tangle with the peculiar interest of one who knew the peoples involved; and in one delicate

and capricious piece of prose, published in a weekly in October, he recalled his own experiences of warfare. He had had glimpses of the Turco-Italian War: Italian shells over Beyrout ('Unforgettable the thunder of the guns shaking the golden blue of sky and sea while not a breath stirred the palm-trees, not a cloud moved on the swanlike snows of Lebanon') and a 'scrap' with the Druses, and the smoke and distant rumble of the battle of Lemnos, 'the one effort of the Turks to secure the mastery of the Ægean'. These were his exciting memories:

"To think that it was with cheerful anecdotes like these that I had hoped, a white-haired elder, to impress my grandchildren! Now there's not a peasant from Picardy to Tobolsk but will cap me with tales of real and frightful tragedy. What a race of deep-eyed and thoughtful men we shall have in Europe — now that all those millions have been baptized in fire!"

Then in the first week of January 1915 he died. I cannot help remembering that I first heard the news over the telephone, and that the voice which spoke was Rupert Brooke's.

### III

Flecker began writing verse early, and one of his existing notebooks contains a number of poems written whilst he was at Uppingham. The original poems composed, at school and at Oxford, up to the age of twenty are not very remarkable. There is nothing unusual in some unpublished lines written on the actual chapel bell at the end of his last term, and little in *Danaë's Cradle-Song for Perseus* (1902). A typical couplet is

Waste of the waves! O for dawn! For a long low level of shore!  
Better be shattered and slain on the reef than drift evermore.

Both rhythm and language are Tennysonian, and the alliterative Tennysonianism at the end of the first line is repeated in a *Song* of 1904 beginning:

Long low levels of land  
And sighing surges of sea,  
Mountain and moor and strand  
Part my beloved from me.

A *Dream-Song* of 1904 is equally conventional, though in the lines

Launch the galley, sailors bold,  
Prowed with silver, sharp and cold,  
Winged with silk and oared with gold,

may be seen the first ineffective attempt to capture an image that in various forms haunted Flecker to the end of his life. But the most numerous and, on the whole, the best of his early poems are translations. And this is perhaps significant, as indicating that he began by being more interested in his art than in himself. Translating, there was a clearly defined problem to be attacked; difficulties of expression could not be evaded by changing the thing to be expressed; and there was no scope for fluent reminiscence or a docile pursuit at the heels of the rhyme. In 1900-1, *æt.* 16-17, he was translating Catullus and the 'Pervigilium Veneris', and among the poets he attacked in the next few years were Propertius, Muretus, Heine, Bierbaum, of whose lyrics he translated several, one of which is given in this volume. This habit of translation, so excellent as a discipline, he always continued, amongst the poets from whom he made versions being Meleager, Goethe, Leconte de Lisle, Baudelaire, H. de Régnier, Samain, Jean Moréas, and Paul Fort. In the last year or two his translations were mostly made from the French Parnassians. What drew him to them was his feeling of especial kinship with them and his belief that they might be a healthy influence on English verse.

He explained his position in the preface to *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*. The theory of the Parnassians had for him, he said, 'a unique attraction'. 'A careful study of this theory, however old-fashioned it may by now have become in France, would, I am convinced, benefit English critics and poets, for both our poetic criticism and our poetry are in chaos.' Good poetry had been written on other theories and on no theories at all, and 'no worthless writer will be redeemed by the excellence of the poetic theory he may chance to hold'. But 'that a sound theory can produce some practice and

exercise a beneficent effect on writers of genius' had been repeatedly proved in the history of the Parnasse.

"The Parnassian School [he continued] was a classical reaction against the perfervid sentimentality and extravagance of some French Romantics. The Romantics in France, as in England, had done their powerful work and infinitely widened the scope and enriched the language of poetry. It remained for the Parnassians to raise the technique of their art to a height which should enable them to express the subtlest ideas in powerful and simple verse. But the real meaning of the term Parnassian may be best understood from considering what is definitely not Parnassian. To be didactic like Wordsworth, to write dull poems of unwieldy length, to bury like Tennyson or Browning poetry of exquisite beauty in monstrous realms of vulgar, feeble, or obscure versifying, to overlay fine work with gross and irrelevant egoism like Victor Hugo, would be abhorrent, and rightly so, to members of this school. On the other hand, the finest work of many great English poets, especially Milton, Keats, Matthew Arnold, and Tennyson, is written in the same tradition as the work of the great French school: and one can but wish that the two latter poets had had something of a definite theory to guide them in self-criticism. Tennyson would never have published *Locksley Hall* and Arnold might have refrained from spoiling his finest sonnets by astonishing cacophonies."

There were, he naturally admitted, 'many splendid forms of passionate or individual poetry' which were not Parnassian, such as the work of Villon, Browning, Shelley, Rossetti, and Verlaine, 'too emotional, individual, or eccentric' to have Parnassian affinities:

"The French Parnassian has a tendency to use traditional forms and even to employ classical subjects. *His desire in writing poetry is to create beauty: his inclination is toward a beauty somewhat statuesque. He is apt to be dramatic and objective rather than intimate.* The enemies of the Parnassians have accused them of cultivating unemotional frigidity and upholding an austere view of perfection. The unanswerable answers to all criticism are the works of Hérédia, Leconte de Lisle, Samain, Henri de Régnier, and Jean Moréas. Compare the

early works of the latter poet, written under the influence of the Symbolists, with his 'Stances' if you would see what excellence of theory can do when it has genius to work on. Read the works of Hérédia, if you would understand how conscious and perfect artistry, far from stifling inspiration, fashions it into shapes of unimaginable beauty. . . . At the present moment there can be no doubt that English poetry stands in need of some such saving doctrine to redeem it from the formlessness and the didactic tendencies which are now in fashion. As for English criticism, can it not learn from the Parnassian, or any tolerable theory of poetic art, to examine the beauty and not the 'message' of poetry."

"It is not [he said] the poet's business to save man's soul but to make it worth saving. . . . However few poets have written with a clear theory of art for art's sake, it is by that theory alone that their work has been, or can be, judged; — and rightly so if we remember that art embraces all life and all humanity, and sees in the temporary and fleeting doctrines of conservative or revolutionary only the human grandeur or passion that inspires them."

His own volume had been written 'with the single intention of creating beauty'.

Though many of his own poems show the 'tendency to use traditional forms and even to employ classical subjects', Flecker did not, it must be observed, dogmatize as to choice of subject or generalize too widely. The Parnassians were not everything to him, nor were those older poets who had resembled them. It was as a corrective that he recommended the study of this particular group to his English contemporaries. It is arguable that most of his major contemporaries — one might instance Mr. Bridges and Mr. Yeats — are anything but chaotic, extravagant, careless, or didactic. References to 'the latest writer of manly tales in verse' and 'formlessness' might certainly be followed up; but formlessness and moralizing are not so universal amongst modern English writers as Flecker, making out his case, implied. It does not matter; there is not even any necessity to discuss the French Parnassians. Flecker had an affinity with them. He disliked the pedestrian and the wild; he did not care either to pile up

dramatic horrors or to burrow in the recesses of his own psychological or physiological structure. He liked the image, vivid, definite in its outline: he aimed everywhere at clarity and compactness. His most fantastic visions are solid and highly coloured and have hard edges. His imagination rioted in images, but he kept it severely under restraint, lest the tropical creepers should stifle the trees. Only occasionally, in his later poems, a reader may find the language a little tumultuous and the images heaped so profusely as to produce an effect of obscurity and, sometimes, of euphuism. But these poems, it must be remembered, are precisely those which the poet himself did not finally revise. Some of them he never even finished: *The Burial in England*, as it appears, is the best that can be done with a confusing collection of manuscript thoughts and second thoughts. He was, as he claimed, constitutionally a classic; but the term must not be employed too rigidly. He was, in fact, like Flaubert, both a classic and a romantic. He combined, like Flaubert, a romantic taste for the exotic, the gorgeous, and the violent, with a dislike for the romantic egoism, looseness of structure, and turgidity of phrase. His objectivity, in spite of all his colour, was often very marked; but there was another trend in him. Though he never wrote slack and reasonless *vers libres*, the more he developed the more he experimented with new rhythms; and one of his latest and best lyrics was the intensely personal poem *Stillness*. He ran no special kind of subject too hard, and had no refined and restricted dictionary of words. A careful reader, of course, may discover that there are words, just as there are images, which he was especially fond of using. There are colours and metals, blue and red, silver and gold, which are present everywhere in his work; the progresses of the sun (he was always a poet of the sunlight rather than a poet of the moonlight) were a continual fascination to him; the images of Fire, of a ship, and of an old white-bearded man recur frequently in his poems. But he is anything but a monotonous poet, in respect either of forms, subjects, or language. It was characteristic of him that he should be on his guard against falling into a customary jargon. Revising *The Welsh Sea* and finding the word 'golden', which he felt he and others had overdone, used three times (and not ineffectively) in it,

he expunged the adjective outright, putting 'yellow' in the first two places and 'slow green' in the third. His preface on Parnassianism was whole-hearted; but anyone who interpreted some of his sentences as implying a desire to restrict either the poet's field or his expression to a degree that might justifiably be termed narrow would be in error. In one respect, perhaps, his plea was a plea for widening; he did not wish to *exclude* the classical subject. And his declaration that poetry should not be written to carry a message but to embody a perception of beauty did not preclude a message in the poetry. His last poems, including *The Burial in England*, may be restrained but are scarcely impersonal, may not be didactic but are none the less patriotic. He need not, in fact, be pinned to every word of his preface separately. The drift of the whole is evident. He himself, like other people, would not have been where he was but for the Romantic movement; but he thought that English verse was in danger of decomposition. He merely desired to emphasize the dangers both of prosing and of personal paroxysms; and, above all, to insist upon careful craftsmanship.

This careful craftsmanship had been his own aim from the beginning. 'Libellum arida modo pumice expolitum' is a phrase in the first of the Catullus epigrams he translated at school; and, whilst the content of his poetry showed a steadily growing strength of passion and thought, its form was subjected to, though it never too obviously 'betrayed', in increasingly assiduous application of pumice-stone and file. His poems were written and re-written before they were printed; some were completely remodelled after their first publication; and he was continually returning to his old poems to make alterations in single words or lines — many of his recent MS. alterations are now incorporated for the first time. His changes at their most extensive may be seen in the development of *The Bridge of Fire*, in that (both versions are given in this volume) of *Narcissus*, and in that of *Tenebris Interlucentum*. As first published this ran:

Once a poor song-bird that had lost her way  
Sang down in hell upon a blackened bough,  
Till all the lazy ghosts remembered how  
The forest trees stood up against the day.

Then suddenly they knew that they had died,  
Hearing this music mock their shadow-land;  
And some one there stole forth a timid hand  
To draw a phantom brother to his side.

In the second version, also of eight lines, each line is shorter by two syllables:

A linnet who had lost her way  
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,  
Till all the ghosts remembered well  
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died  
When they heard music in that land,  
And some one there stole forth a hand  
To draw a brother to his side.

The details of this drastic improvement are worth studying. The treatment of the first line is typical. The general word 'song-bird' goes, the particular word 'linnet' is substituted; and the superfluous adjective is cut out, like several subsequent ones. *Gravis Dulcis Immutabilis* was originally written as a sonnet; the *Invitation to a Young but Learned Friend* was considerably lengthened after an interval of years; and the poet's own copies of his printed volumes are promiscuously marked with minor alterations and re-alterations. One of the most curious is that by which the sexes are transposed in the song printed first as *The Golden Head* and then as *The Queen's Song*. The last four lines of the first stanza originally ran:

I then might touch thy face  
Delightful Maid,  
And leave a metal grace,  
A graven head.

This was altered into:

I then might touch thy face  
Delightful boy,  
And leave a metal grace,  
A graven joy.



The reasons for the alteration are evident. The sounds 'ace' and 'aid' are uncomfortably like each other; the long, lingering 'oy' makes a much better ending of the stanza than the sound for which it was substituted; and the false parallelism of 'metal grace' and 'graven head' was remedied by eliminating the concrete word and replacing it by another abstract one on the same plane as 'grace'. Such a substitution of the abstract for the concrete word, sound enough here, is very rare with him; normally the changes were the other way round. He preferred the exact word to the vague; he was always on his guard against the 'pot-shot' and the complaisant epithet which will fit in anywhere. With passionate deliberation he clarified and crystallized his thoughts and intensified his pictures.

He found, as has been said, kinship in the French Parnassians; and, though he approached them rather as a comrade than as a disciple, traces of their language, especially perhaps that of de R gnier and H r dia, may be found in his later verse. A reading of H r dia is surely evident in *Gates of Damascus*: in

Beyond the towns, an isle where, bound, a naked giant bites the ground:  
The shadow of a monstrous wing looms on his back; and still no sound.

and the stanzas surrounding it. An influence still more marked is that of Sir Richard Burton. Flecker, when still a boy, had copied out the whole of his long *Kasidah*, and its rhythms and turns of phrase are present in several of his Syrian poems. It was in the *Kasidah* that Flecker found Aflatun and Aristu, and the refrain of 'the tinkling of the camel-bells' of which he made such fine use in *The Golden Journey*. The verse-form of the *Kasidah* is, of course, not Burton's, it is Eastern; and the use Flecker made of it suggests that an infusion of Persian and Arabic forms into English verse might well be a fertilizing agent. He always read a great deal of Latin verse: Latin poetry was as much to him as Greek history, myth, and landscape. Francis Thompson, Baudelaire, and Swinburne were all early 'influences'. He learnt from them but he was seldom mastered by them. He did not imitate their rhythms or borrow their thought. The Swinburnian *Anap sts* — in the first volume — written in a weak moment, were an exception. In Flecker's printed copy the

title has first, in a half-hearted effort to save the poem while repudiating its second-hand music and insincere sentiments, been changed to *Decadent Poem*; and then a thick pencil has been drawn right through it. From his English contemporaries Flecker was detached. He admired some of them — Mr. Yeats, Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. de la Mare, and others; and with some he was friendly, especially Rupert Brooke, with whom he had been at Cambridge. Of Mr. Chesterton's *Flying Inn* he writes in January 1914: 'A magnificent book — his masterpiece; and the humorous verse splendid.' But his physical absence, first in the Levant and then in Switzerland, in itself prevented him from getting into any literary set, and his temperament and opinion of current tendencies was such that, even had he lived in England, he would probably have escaped 'infection' by any school or individual. Flecker's vision of the world was his own; his dreams of the East and Greece were born with him. He knew the streets of Stamboul and the snows of Lebanon, and the caravans departing for Baghdad and the gates of Damascus, and the bazaars heaped with grapes and 'coffee-tables botched with pearl and little beaten brass-ware pots'; but his hankering long antedated his travels. There is an unpublished poem written when he was twenty in which voices call him 'to white Ægean isles among the foam' and the 'dreamy painted lands' of the East. In the same year he translated Propertius I, xx. His lifelong love of Greek names is shown by his enunciation of them even then:

But Oreithyia's sons have left him now:  
Hylas, most foolish boy, where goest thou?  
    He is going to the Hamadryades,  
To them devoted — I will tell you how.

There's a clear well beneath Arganthos' screees  
Whercin Bithynian Naiads take their ease,  
    By leafage overarched, where apples hide  
Whilst the dew kisses them on the unknown trees.

This poem is dated 1904. It is the year of the Glion stanzas, the sonnet on Francis Thompson, and (probably) the fragmentary *Ode to Shelley*. It is the year, that is, when Flecker began to show marks

of maturity. The translation, like a number of other early poems quoted above, has not been included in the present collection, as it is certain that Flecker would not have wished it. Just enough of his unpublished 'Juvenilia' have been included to illustrate his development, and it may be alleged without rashness that those selected are the best of their respective periods.

Whatever may be said about the poems which follow, there are few which are not characteristic of the poet. His rigorous conception of his art and his fidelity to his own vision prevented many lapses, and he suppressed those which he did commit. One unrepresentative phrase there is which might be seized on to give a very untrue description of him. In the Envoy to *The Bridge of Fire* he speaks of himself as 'the lean and swarthy poet of despair'. It meant nothing; the first poem in the same book, with its proclamation that 'the most surprising songs' must still be sung, and its challenge to youth to turn to 'the old and fervent goddess' whose eyes are 'the silent pools of Light and Truth' is far more characteristic of him, first and last. 'Lean and swarthy poet' may stand; but not of despair. The beauty of the world was a continual intoxication to him; he was full, as a man, if not as a poet, of enthusiasms, moral and material, economic, educational, and military. Neither the real nor the spurious disease of pessimism is present in his verse, and in his last autumn he was writing, with an energy that sometimes physically exhausted him, poems that blazed with courage, hope, and delight. Like his *Old Battleship*, he went down fighting.

The value of what he has left, it is not, as I have said before, my intention to discuss here. My only object in writing this necessarily rather disjointed Introduction is to give some information that may interest the reader and be useful to the critic; and if a few personal opinions have slipped in they may conveniently be ignored. A vehement 'puff preliminary' is an insolence in a volume of this kind: it might pardonably be supposed to imply either doubts about the author or distrust of his readers.

J. C. SQUIRE

It is twenty years since Flecker died and nineteen since the *Collected Poems* first appeared. I could not forget the date even if I wished to do so; for, the work of editing having been completed, I wrote the Introduction in a lonely house under the Downs between Lewes and Newhaven, and all the time, across the summer peace, the guns were thudding from the Somme. Our generation may never reach an age when men, in the words of one of Flecker's last poems, will see

the red war gleam like a dim red rose  
Lost in the garden of the Sons of Time.

But already there are grown men to whom the Somme is not even a faint memory, but an old battle fought when they were in the cradles, something as distant to them as Gordon at Khartoum was to Flecker. The wars pass; the poetry remains. It seemed odd, twenty years ago, to be editing carefully-wrought poems, with the world on fire and multitudes daily dying in agony. In retrospect it doesn't seem odd; more like having helped to rescue something from a wreck.

When this new and cheaper edition was first projected, I thought I could revise my old Preface by 'bringing information up-to-date' and inserting a few 'balloons' of comment: Flecker's father is now dead, Flecker's then unpublished plays have been printed and produced, Flecker's Letters have been published and a collection of his Prose works. But, on second thoughts, I came to the conclusion that it would be better to add this Supplementary Note, and to leave the original Introduction standing as it was first written. My reason is historical, if I may be pardoned so pompous a word. That preface, by virtue both of what it says and what it does not say, is 'dated': it was addressed to a world in which very few people knew anything about either Flecker's life or his poetry – a world which did not even know that *Hassan* existed and in which, in 1913, the then editor of the *Nation* could reject so beautiful a poem as *The Old Ships*. The poets knew him: some curious instinct draws them together, and the world at large knows them not.

In the last paragraph I explained why I had avoided the usual trumpeting sort of introduction; such an explanation now, with Flecker an established classic, frequently quoted, would be ridiculously unnecessary. That calm confidence with which the young Flecker addressed a poem *To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence* has been justified so far as this generation is concerned: there were contemporaries of his who were much more widely and wildly praised than he, but whose reputations have now sadly faded. That the few genuine poets of his own time knew his worth I have already said; there is a kind of freemasonry, involving a sort of apostolic succession, amongst the 'lasting' kind of poets; the very difference between their habitual attitudes, contemplating the permanent elements beneath the transient, and the attitudes of most people, writers or not, makes them recognize each other.

How shall we conquer? Like a wind  
That falls at eve our fancies blow,  
And old Maeonides the blind  
Said it three thousand years ago.

But the qualities which make poetry last are the very qualities which usually prevent it having a wide immediate reception, particularly in an epoch ardent after novelties and apparent novelties. The ordinary critic always wants something that was NOT said three thousand years ago and that, by the same token, will not interest people three thousand years hence, who will have little in common with us except such trite banal and platitudinous things as birth, love, death, laughter, sorrow; suns, moons, seasons, waters, flowers and trees.

No 'new' poems have been added to this edition; there was a temptation to add Ishak's song from *Hassan*, but it is too deeply interwoven with its context to be detachable. Nor, in view of the fact that ample material is now available elsewhere, have I thought it necessary to supplement the biographical part of the introduction.

Monographs on Flecker have been written by Mr. Douglas Goldring (1922), and Miss Geraldine Hodgson (1925). But the most important source must always be Mrs. Flecker's work entitled *Some Letters from Abroad*, by J. E. Flecker (1930). This volume (which embodies the previous collection of letters written to Mr. Frank

Savery and published in 1926) contains not only Flecker's extant letters but a series of chapters which are virtually a biography of Flecker by his wife. Flecker was a racy and enthusiastic letter-writer; but his friends were young, some of them were killed, and few young men systematically keep letters. The letters of Flecker to Rupert Brooke would be a treasure to possess, but it is not known that any of them survive; they were probably all torn up in Cambridge, in Canada, and the Pacific, and in camp.

The following books by Flecker have been published since 1916:

*Selected Poems*, Secker, 1918.

*Collected Prose*, Bell, then Heinemann, 1920.

*Hassan*, Heinemann, 1923.

*Don Juan*, Heinemann, 1925.

Of these *Hassan* was the most important of all Flecker's works; publication was thus long delayed because it was thought best to bring it out when stage production was actually in sight.

*Hassan*, many years after 'acceptance', for the war intervened, was at last produced by Mr. Basil Dean at His Majesty's Theatre, in 1923. The setting was gorgeous, Delius wrote incidental music and attended some of the rehearsals, Mr. Harry Ainley was Hassan, Mr. Malcolm Keen, the Caliph, Mr. Basil Gill, Rafi, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, Ishak, Miss Laura Cowie, Pervaneh, and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Yasmin. The play ran for months. Not all those who attended it realized that they were seeing what, for all its faults, is probably the best poetic drama written in England since the great Elizabethan day waned with Webster; I myself heard a spectator remark to a friend that she preferred *Chu-Chin-Chow*, an Oriental musical medley which had prevailed at the same theatre for several years. Among those critics who were aware of the nature and power of the work there were some who were puzzled by a certain lack of unity in it. They were right: there are great things in it, but it is probable that had Flecker lived he might have made it still finer. For it grew under his hand. For a full account of the manuscript's history I must refer the reader to my introduction to the limited edition-de-luxe published by Messrs. Heinemann in 1932, but I may usefully give a short summary here.

When Flecker was in Corfu from June to August in 1911 he was working for the Consular examination in Turkish, and amongst the books he read was a volume of Turkish farces. One of these concerned a credulous man named Hassan, whose friends, with the help of a Jewish magician, played practical jokes on him. Zachariah the Jew and his philtres amused Flecker and he wrote about them a farce which no longer exists; in *Hassan* Zachariah is mentioned but he never comes on the stage. Shortly afterwards the name Yasmin, borne by one of the characters, stirred Flecker to write the song *Yasmin*, and when he had written the song he thought of writing a comedy with Yasmin as the principal female character: Yasmin appears in *Hassan*, but no longer as the dominant character. The first act of that comedy still exists in manuscript, and the first scene very closely resembles the first scene of the ultimate play, but the play we have is above all else the tragedy of Rafi and Pervaneh, and Rafi and Pervaneh do not appear at all in this early draft.

Two years elapsed, and Flecker was an invalid at Leysin when, with tremendous energy and ardour, he resumed the play, and turned (during the months of July and August 1913) what had been a light comedy into a vehicle for his most burning thoughts and feelings. In the earlier work there had been a bare mention of a slave-girl kidnapped for the Caliph's harem. Now that Flecker's imagination had taken a tragic turn her story developed into the crowning theme of the play, but the old opening remained, suggesting an atmosphere and an importance of Hassan which would never have been suggested had the history of the play's writing been less prolonged and changeful than it was.

Later in the year it was sent to Beerbohm Tree, in whose theatre after Tree's death, it was ultimately produced. Tree, after hesitation, missed a chance of glory; Mr. Dean, then his assistant, determined sooner or later, that he would put it on himself, and suggested cuts and revisions. All that winter and spring the poet was very ill, but even in bed he worked incessantly, and soon after the outbreak of war an agreed version had been arrived at; and no one who examined the manuscript with its endless corrections and compressions could fail to see that here at last was a poet with the real instinct for what,

in dialogue, is possible on the stage, and what is most dramatically effective. The play is in another world from those slow and speechifying 'poetic dramas' with which some even of our great modern poets, divorced from the living theatre and alien to its atmosphere, have burdened their books.

*Hassan* has been translated into several languages and performed in several countries. *Don Juan* was produced at the Court Theatre by The Three Hundred Club on a Sunday evening in April 1926, it was in this performance that Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson first attracted attention.

J. C. SQUIRE

## EDITORIAL NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

*Twenty of the poems in this edition have never been published before, or have appeared only in periodicals. These may be distinguished by the dates which are appended beneath them. The whole of the poems published in book form during the poet's lifetime are reprinted with the exception of seven lyrics which there is reason to believe he did not desire to perpetuate. Of the new ones several are 'Juvenilia', written between the ages of sixteen and twenty, which have been included in order to illustrate his development.*

*The poems are arranged in a roughly chronological order; those written in the years 1907-10 following most nearly (more information as to date being available with these) the actual order of composition.*

*The text of many, especially of the early, poems will be found to differ considerably from that hitherto printed, owing to Flecter's habit of continual revision. In some of the MSS. there are variant readings from which the present editor has been compelled to select. The fragments of the 'Ode to Shelley' presented the most difficult problem, and the order in which they are placed is not to be presumed the correct order.*

1935



## EDITORIAL NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION

*With the necessity of re-setting, which faced the Publishers after the close of the second Great War, an opportunity was provided to clear up a number of misprints which have existed in previous Impressions of THE COLLECTED POEMS OF FLECKER since the Second Edition.*

*The text has been most carefully checked against the previous Editions and other material which was available to the Publishers, and it is now hoped that this Third, post-war, Edition is as perfect as it may possibly be.*

1946

## JUVENILIA

### FOUR TRANSLATIONS AND ADAPTATIONS FROM CATULLUS

#### I

FOR whom this pretty pamphlet, polished new  
With pumice-stone? Cornelius, for you:  
For you were never unprepared to deem  
My simple verses worthy of esteem,  
Though you yourself — who else in Rome so bold? —  
In volumes three have laboured to unfold  
A 'Universal History of Man' —  
Dear Jove! A learned and laborious plan!

Wherefore to you, my friend, I dedicate  
This so indifferent bookling; yet I pray,  
Poor as it is — O goddess of my fate,  
Let it outlive the writer's transient day!

1900 (?): *æt.* 16

#### III

Cupids and loves, and men of gentler mien,  
Mourn, for my lady's loved one is dead,  
Her darling sparrow that to her hath been  
Dearer than her own eyes: even as a maid  
Loveth her mother, so had he been bred  
To know his mistress. He was honeysweet  
Nor ever truant from her bosom strayed,  
But there would twitter from his soft retreat.

And now — he's flitting down the Shadow Way,  
Ah, never to return! A curse on ye,  
Black shades of death, that let no fair thing stay;  
How fair a sparrow have ye snatched from me!

Poor birdie — all for thee the teardrops rise,  
Till red with weeping are my Love's bright eyes.

1900

#### IV

Proud is Phaselus here, my friends, to tell  
That once she was the swiftest craft afloat:  
No vessel, were she winged with blade or sail,  
Could ever pass my boat.  
Phaselus shunned to shun grim Adria's shore,  
Or Cyclades, or Rhodes the wide renowned,  
Or Bosphorus, where Thracian waters roar,  
Or Pontus' eddying sound.  
It was in Pontus once, unwrought, she stood,  
And conversed, sighing, with her sister trees,  
Amastris born, or where Cytorus' wood  
Answers the mountain breeze.  
Pontic Amastris, boxwood-clad Cytorus! —  
You, says Phaselus, are her closest kin:  
Yours were the forests where she stood inglorious:  
The waters yours wherein  
She dipped her virgin blades; and from your strand  
She bore her master through the cringing straits,  
Nought caring were the wind on either hand,  
Or whether kindly fates  
Filled both the straining sheets. Never a prayer  
For her was offered to the gods of haven,  
Till last she left the sea, hither to fare,  
And to be lightly laven  
By the cool ripple of the clear lagoon.

. . . . .

This too is past; at length she is allowed  
Long slumber through her life's long afternoon,  
To Castor and the twin of Castor vowed.

1901

X

When lounging idle mid forensic whirl  
Friend Varus took me off to see his girl.  
The naughty wench, I very soon was shewn,  
Had got some wit and beauty of her own.  
Arriving, we began a busy chat  
On politics, and weather, this and that —  
Then on my province's internal state,  
And 'Had I found the profit adequate?'  
I answered truthfully, 'There's nothing there  
For common soldier or for officer  
Wherewith to purchase grease for home-bound hair.'  
'You found at least' — said she — 'one always can:  
Some aboriginals for your sedan?'  
Said I in answer, posing for her eyes  
In prosperous and fashionable guise,  
'Oh, really, I was not so penniless  
That any mere provincial distress  
Should render me incompetent to get  
Eight smartish bearers for the voiturette.  
(In truth there was no slave in all the earth  
Whom I could then have summoned to my hearth  
To shoulder the debilitated leg  
Of my old pallet.) 'Then, dear friend, I beg' —  
Cries she most aptly for so bad a minx —  
'I want to pay a visit to the Sphinx —  
You'll lend them me just to the temple door,  
My sweet Catullus?'

'Oh, you may be sure'

Said I — 'I would — but what I mentioned now  
As mine — I just forgot — what matter how? —  
My messmate Cinna, Gaius Cinna, he  
Has commandeered them. Really, as for me,  
What difference if you call them his or mine?  
I use them just whenever I incline.  
But you're a silly pestilential jade  
To want a chance remark so nicely weighed.'

1901

### *SIRMIO*

LITTLE gem of all-but-islands and of islands, Sirmio,  
Whether set in landlocked waters, or in Ocean's freer flow —  
Oh the pleasant seeing of thee, bright as ever — there below —  
Far behind me, to the Northward, lie the dreamy lands of snow.  
Oh the hour of mad rejoicing, oh the sweet good-bye to woe  
As with quiet soul aweary of world-wandering to and fro  
In we hurry through the doorway of our home of long ago. . . .

Hail then, hail! Thy master welcome, welcome him, sweet Sirmio,  
Leap for joy, ye tumbling waters, winking at the summer's glow,  
Gaily through the house resounding let the peals of laughter go.

1901-04

## LUCRETIA

*As one who in the cold abyss of night  
Stares at a book whose grey print meaningless  
Dances between the lamplight and his eyes,  
Lucretius lay, soul-poisoned, conquering still  
With towering travail Reason's Hellene heights.  
Listen, Lucretia, to the voice of his pain:*

THREE welcome hour of Reason: ne'er of old  
Knew I thy naked loveliness, till night,  
The nether night of Folly pinioned forth,  
Shrouded my senses, taught me terribly  
That thou alone, my light and life and love,  
Wearest the high insignia of the stars.  
Grant then thy worshipper, austerest Queen,  
Refreshing dew — Now, now, I thirst with flame:  
They flee in the strainings of my fevered lips  
Cruelly, and in dank distance a new noise  
Of rushing wings I hear. Who thunders nigh?  
Devil delirium, chaos charioted,  
Curb, curb, the coal-red chargers, heard not seen.  
See, Madam Wife, that loveless lust of thine  
Leaves no sweet savour lingering, but a curse:  
And 'stead of Love and Reason, palace tenant,  
There flits a weak and tremulous loathsomeness!

*Suppliant fled Lucretia to the couch: ~  
And all her glory trembled as she sang;*

Awake, dead soul of dear Lucretius,  
Awake, thy witless fond destroyer prays.  
Awake, awake, and quit thy aimless journey  
In cold oblivion's purple-misted paths.

Dost thou remember, husband? It was evening:  
We wandered shorewards, mid the ocean of air  
That glassed the gliding Nereids of the Pole.  
Immeasurable moonlight kissed the brow  
Of the white sea whose ripples swayed to greet  
Our heart's unnumbered laughter. Strongest sleep  
So held the life of earth that dimly we heard  
Time's fatal pulse through the dark reverberated.  
Then died thy soul: the night I, murderess, dreamt,  
Ah, dolorous dreams of limb-dissolving love.  
Lucretius,

Why live I still, protracting hopeless pain?  
The chillness of the long Lethean stream  
Is more to be commended for my sailings  
Than love's hot eddies.

God, for the draught of death!  
What sourer, sweeter vintage could be pressed:  
To slumber shall I lull me, where no sorrow  
Can pierce the drifted overmantling haze:  
No sorrow, no despair, nor any love!

My soul is thine, husband, thy mad soul.  
Madness, swift foretaste of oblivion  
Shall wed us to delirious dim despair  
Till bone claim bone beneath the cypress tree.  
What pleasant dawn of madness! Off I rend  
This fair hypocrisy of raiment. Down —  
There's fairer guile within — down, frippery!  
Veil me not from my love. Dear arms outstretched,  
Am I not fair? These quick white limbs of mine  
Shall brand in thee their passionate symmetry,  
Till as the bee within the lily trembles  
Thyself, body and soul, shall move within me.  
Has sculptured Venus thighs of richer vein?  
Spread thyself round about me; let us wrench  
Self unto self. Why life is lovely still!

Fair wings of madness, drift us far away  
To an unseen Empyrean, where no care  
Can frost the magic mirror of our loves.  
Thence we shall see the sorrowful world of men,  
Old castles fired, old mountains overturned,  
Old majesties conculcate in the dust,  
With short sad smiles for every thing destroyed.

Why do red eyes draw nearer? Husband, wake!  
The palace is fired and falling! Not with love  
Thy body's life, that throbs within me, burns  
Lucretius — those same eyes, grey Furies wear them,  
They seethe in double dullness 'neath their own!

*Thus muttered she in dread: he glaring lay:  
Passion had made him beast: and passion sated  
Did leave him than the beasts more bestial.  
Till phantomed reason fled his turning brain  
And with a cry he struck her from his breast,  
Heavily, and her hair, like the finger of night,  
Pencilled the marble as she fell, and cried;*

Kill me not, devil: off, blood-searching hands;  
Nay, strike me thus — and rend me thus, and thus:  
I would not be the mother of mad children.  
Burst forth, my blood, burst forth from wound and weal  
The body's pain is blister for the soul's.

*Then, as her anguish slumbered for awhile:*

Oh for a word of consolation dear  
Sadder than dirge from old Simonides,  
Sweeter than echoes of the Linos song  
Whispering through the drowsy sheaves of corn  
On summer evenings, when the harvesters  
Homeward return, and children rush to greet  
Their father, and to snatch the kisses first —



*But a new torment rent her, and she rose;  
Her veins large-knotted, standing out in fire;  
She grasped his arm and shrieked to the solemn sun  
That rolled in horror down the Western Sea:*

There, red-eyed Fury — with lash and terrible hiss,  
With lash and terrible hiss of steaming snakes —  
Blood from the breast-wound drips, and from my heart,  
And from those eyes, and from the pillars — See  
There, and the statues move. Take away the blank eyes!

Oh, wild, wild irony of Life and Lust,  
Life is to death so near, and lust to loathing.  
All is a jest, a shadow, and a lie.  
A whirlwind-wondrous lie!

Laugh, husband, laugh!

Laughter is man's supreme prerogative:  
The beasts are sane; they laugh not. I will laugh,  
My bones and flesh are quaking. Laugh, thou fool!  
For love is lust, and life is a dream of death  
— Hell is opening, opening horribly.

*March 1904*



## SONG IN THE NIGHT

*(From Bierbaum)*

STREETS to left, and streets to right,  
Dull and dank it seems,  
As I wander in the night  
Wakened from my dreams.  
Yearning,  
Burning,  
Pain and smart,  
Whither dost thou sink, my heart?  
Whither dost thou sink, my heart?

There's a house with shutters green  
Far away from town,  
Where the river rolls serene  
Moving, murmuring down.  
Bowers,  
Flowers!  
Fold it in!  
Would I were a guest within!  
Would I were a guest within!

*June 1904*

*GLION – NOON*

FROM Glion on an August noon  
I scarcely see the ripples shine  
Where sunbeam spirits lightly swoon  
On drifting shrouds of cyanine.

The Dent du Midi now uprears  
His proud tiara through the mist,  
The sacred crown whose triple tiers  
Are walls of Titan amethyst.

A voiceless, dreamless paradise  
Of fleeting and fantastic form  
More lovely than the fierce sunrise,  
More visionary than the storm.

Here would I dream away long years  
Till with the mountains I was one,  
Knowing not loves or hates or fears,  
Standing immutably alone.

GLION – EVENING

FROM Glion when the sun declines  
The world below is clear to see:  
I count the escalading pines  
Upon the rocks of Meillerie.

Like a dull bee the steamer plies  
And settles on the jutting pier.  
The barques, strange sailing butterflies,  
Round idle headlands idly veer.

The painted sceneries recall  
Such toil as Canaletto spent  
To give each brick upon each wall  
Its due partition of cement.

Yet rather seem those lands below  
From Glion at the close of day  
As vivid as a cameo  
Graved by the poet Gautier.

*July 1904*

## LAST LOVE

(*From Novalis — adaptation of his last words*)

NOW for a last glad look upon life: my journey is ending:  
Now this door that is Death quietly shuts me behind.  
Thankful I hear Love's call — the faithful call of a comrade:  
Then all joyful am I, ready to give her my heart.  
All through life it is Love hath been my counsellor only:  
Hers be the praise alway if I have followed aright.  
For as a mother awakes with kisses her slumbering baby,  
As she first has a care — as she alone understands —  
So has Love been mine, has watched and tended and kissed me:  
Near me when I was a child: near me till I was a man.  
Thus, mid sorrow or doubt, I have clung to her, learning her lesson:  
Now she has made me free — free to rejoice evermore.

1904:

## FRAGMENTS OF AN ODE TO SHELLEY

### I

SINCE men have always crowned the tomb  
With those sweet diadems of doom,  
The twinings of memorial flowers,  
So that their brother's first few hours  
Of waiting in his lonely room  
May pass in peace while Time devours  
The body's brief and bitter bloom,  
The last extortion of sad powers,  
And downwards through the grudging soil  
The piteous perfumes strain and toil.

## II

Let the kind ritual remain:  
We seek an emblem of our pain —  
The dry scant holly of the shore,  
The grass upon the dunes — What more  
Can sorrow bring? We cannot drain  
The spacious Sea for his rich store  
Of coloured weeds that shine in vain  
Upon the wide inhuman floor,  
The lonely yard where drowned men lie  
And gaze through water to white sky.

## III

Forgive, thou calm and godlike shade,  
The drooping wreath, the flowers that fade,  
This passionless pale offering  
From one who scarcely dares to sing  
His love and praises, being afraid  
At the sweet brilliance of thy spring,  
Seeing his lute is rudely made,  
His thoughts too dull and weak of wing,  
More fit for noons that lull and warm  
Than for the stress of fire and storm.

## IV

The slender boat that stretched her sail  
To fly before the sultry gale,  
That from her moorings leapt and sped  
Before the forest leaves were red,  
Before the purple noon was pale,  
Round whom delight and fancy spread  
Their guardian wings, without avail,  
Is shipwrecked, and her captain dead.  
The children of the stainless sea  
Laid him ashore mysteriously.

## V

O none of those who came to mourn  
 The body cold and water-worn,  
 Nor any of us in later days  
 Who walk at evening in soft ways  
 Could bring thee tribute of the morn  
 Or any music that repays  
 The soul of Adonais, borne  
 To heaven on thy fluted phrase.  
 Poets have wept; but which of them  
 Were fit to sing thy requiem?

## VI

That song shall wait till delving time  
 Finds the lost treasures of earth's prime,  
 When moil and tears and dire distress  
 Shall flee the dawn of joyousness,  
 When some new monarch of sweet rhyme  
 Or mild surprising poetess,  
 Some Sappho in a mood sublime  
 Or Pindar freed and fetterless,  
 In a far island in far seas  
 Shall send their sorrow down the breeze.

★   ★   ★

O shining servant of the evening star  
 Whom no soft footfall of Lethean song  
 Delighted, but a strong celestial war  
 To batter down the gates of earthly wrong,  
 To thee old Rhea yielded up her foison,  
 Thou rash knight-errant of heroic love,  
 That dreams and trances, being most vital poison  
 To whoso looks but dares not live above,  
 For thee, who wast more bold,  
 Might lead to earth along light chains of gold,

Lest some rebellious airs of spirit  
Should blow each image into windy space  
Nor leave it vocal, to inherit  
The toil and triumph of our mortal race.  
O thou hast shown us legions in the skies,  
And passed the earth before us in review  
Till shadows came and went before our eyes,  
And shafts of dim desire pierced us through,  
    And draughts of joyous day  
    And winds that calmly blew  
Swift strength and splendour in our dreams, and songs  
    from far away.

★ ★ ★

Light and the subtler light of wizard fire,  
And winds that strike forth hope on some grand lyre,  
And spirits of blue air like April clouds,  
And all the water-company that crowds  
The river-spaces and dark open sea,  
Conspired at his creation: Liberty,  
Watching his prowess from her tower above,  
Took to her side a royal-wingèd Love.  
And when he died and they could do no more  
To strengthen him who graced that southern shore  
They bade a clearer, stronger sun arise  
And drive old darkness from the Italian skies.

★ ★ ★

Many there be to-day whose foolish praise  
Has dulled the roar of thy old fighting days,  
So that thy hymns of intellectual joy  
Seem but fine utterance of a wayward boy,  
Thy call of war, thy thunderbolts of hate  
A madman's cry, that rails against his fate;  
Who finds in them a vague and phantom truth  
Or dim ideal of a lovelorn youth.

★ ★ ★

He was too beautiful; he died too young,  
Before the mellow season of his prime;  
Sweet songs he left, but sweeter songs unsung,  
Whose thin ghosts wander out of space and time.  
All his philosophy was Love and Hate,  
His life a rainbow for the sun to fashion,  
His thoughts most royally importunate,  
Forged by the beats of elemental passion.  
Like some young tressèd tree  
That sighs to each . . . wind, so he  
Stretched arms to welcome Love, who softly winging  
Came down to earth from lands beyond the dawn;  
Her strength and gentleness inspired his singing,  
Until she stood amazed, from whom 'twas drawn.  
Spirit of love, draw near this monument  
And veil the ancient glory of thy head,  
For he is dead, whose silver days were spent  
In thy eternal service, he is dead  
    And borne aloft away  
    On gloomy wings outspread  
More strong and sure than thy bright plumes,  
    O mistress of a day!

★      ★      ★

(EPODE)

Nothing of him is left us, save this scroll,  
The fire-thrown shadow of his silent soul,  
The glass whose even rondure is to keep  
The immortal country of his mortal sleep.  
Where terrors move, and angry phantoms cry,  
Titans and tyrants in a ragged sky,  
Where in tall caves magicians read the rune,  
And white limbs glitter in the plenilune;



And where a voice more human, more divine,  
Commends a brother dead to Proserpine.  
But now that Queen of undivided rest  
Reopening the closures of her breast  
Has taken our royal-wingèd child of light,  
And bathed his forehead in the pool of night.

[*Date uncertain: early*]

## LATER POEMS

### A NEW YEAR'S CAROL

**A**WAKE, awake! The world is young,  
For all its weary years of thought:  
The starkest fights must still be fought,  
The most surprising songs be sung.

And those who have no other Gods  
May still behold, if they bestir,  
The windy amphitheatre  
Where dawn the timeless periods.

Then hear the shouting-voice of men  
Magniloquently rise and ring:  
Their flashing eyes and measured swing  
Prove that the world is young again.

I was beyond the hills, and heard  
That old and fervent Goddess call,  
Whose voice is like a waterfall,  
And sweeter than the singing-bird.

O stubborn arms of rosy youth,  
Break down your other Gods, and turn  
To where her dauntless eyeballs burn, —  
The silent pools of Light and Truth.

FROM GRENOBLE

NOW have I seen, in Graisivaudan's vale,  
The fruits that dangle and the vines that trail,  
The poplars standing up in bright blue air,  
The silver turmoil of the broad Isère  
And sheer pale cliffs that wait through Earth's long noon  
Till the round Sun be colder than the Moon.

Mine be the ancient song of Travellers:  
I hate this glittering land where nothing stirs:  
I would go back, for I would see again  
Mountains less vast, a less abundant plain,  
The Northern Cliffs clean-swept with driven foam,  
And the rose-garden of my gracious home.

✓ NARCISSUS

THOU with whom I dallied  
Through all the hours of noon.  
Sweet water-boy, more pallid  
Than any watery moon;  
Above thy body turning  
White lily-buds were strewn:  
Alas, the silver morning,  
Alas, the golden noon!

Alas, the clouds of sorrow,  
The waters of despair!  
I sought thee on the morrow,  
And never found thee there.

Since first I saw thee splendid,  
    Since last I called thee fair,  
My happy ways have ended  
    By waters of despair.

The pool that was thy dwelling  
    I hardly knew again,  
So black it was, and swelling  
    With bitter wind and rain.  
Amid the reeds I lingered  
    Between desire and pain  
Till evening, rosy-fingered,  
    Beckoned to night again.

Yet once when sudden quiet  
    Had visited the skies,  
And stilled the stormy riot,  
    I looked upon thine eyes.  
I saw they wept and trembled  
    With glittering mysteries,  
But yellow clouds assembled  
    Redarkening the skies.

O listless thou art lying  
    In waters cool and sweet,  
While I, dumb brother, dying,  
    Faint in the desert heat.  
Though thou dost love another,  
    Still let my lips entreat:  
Men call me fair, O brother,  
    And women honey-sweet.

*INSCRIPTION FOR ARTHUR RACKHAM'S  
'RIP VAN WINKLE'*

SINCE youth is wise, and cannot comprehend  
Proportion, nor behold things as they are,  
Φιλοθεάμονες we'll be, my friend,  
And laugh at what appears quadrangular.  
Our only Gods shall be the Subterrane,  
Pictures of things misshapen, harsh and crude,  
The flattened Face outside the window-pane,  
The little Squeak behind us in the wood.  
Here, friend, are subtly drawn uncommon things:  
Make such your Gods: they only understand.  
Only a Headless Ape with slimy wings  
Can whisk you round the Interesting Land.  
Though after twenty years they may not please,  
Sane men have worshipped stranger Gods than these.

*ENVOY*

THE young men leap, and toss their golden hair,  
Run round the land, or sail across the seas:  
But one was stricken with a sore disease -  
The lean and swarthy poet of despair.

Know me, the slave of fear and death and shame,  
A sad Comedian, a most tragic Fool,  
Shallow, imperfect, fashioned without rule,  
The doubtful shadow of a demon flame.

## RIOUPÉROUX

HIGH and solemn mountains guard Rioupéroux,  
Small untidy village where the river drives a mill:  
Frail as wood anemones, white and frail were you,  
And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil.

Oh I will go to France again, and tramp the valley through,  
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and corduroy,  
And work with the mill-hands of black Rioupéroux,  
And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other boy.

## MIGNON

*(From Goethe)*

KNOWEST thou the land where bloom the lemon trees,  
And darkly gleam the golden oranges?  
A gentle wind blows down from that blue sky;  
Calm stands the myrtle and the laurel high.  
Knowest thou the land? So far and fair!  
Thou, whom I love, and I will wander there.

Knowest thou the house with all its rooms aglow,  
And shining hall and columned portico?  
The marble statues stand and look at me.  
Alas, poor child, what have they done to thee?  
Knowest thou the land? So far and fair.  
My Guardian, thou and I will wander there.

## THE BALLAD OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH

FROM Heaven's Gate to Hampstead Heath  
Young Bacchus and his crew  
Came tumbling down, and o'er the town  
Their bursting trumpets blew.

The silver night was wildly bright,  
And madly shone the Moon  
To hear a song so clear and strong,  
With such a lovely tune.

From London's houses, huts and flats  
Came busmen, snobs, and Earls,  
And ugly men in bowler hats  
With charming little girls.

Sir Moses came with eyes of flame,  
Judd, who is like a bloater,  
The brave Lord Mayor in coach and pair,  
King Edward, in his motor.

Far in a rosy mist withdrawn  
The God and all his crew,  
Silenus pulled by nymphs, a faun.  
A satyr drenched in dew,

Smiled as they wept those shining tears  
Only Immortals know,  
Whose feet are set among the stars,  
Above the shifting snow.

And one spake out into the night,  
Before they left for ever,  
'Rejoice, rejoice!' and his great voice  
Rolled like a splendid river.

He spake in Greek, which Britons speak  
Seldom, and circumspectly;  
But Mr. Judd, that man of mud,  
Translated it correctly.

And when they heard that happy word,  
Policemen leapt and ambled:  
The busmen pranced, the maidens danced,  
The men in bowlers gambolled.

A wistful Echo stayed behind  
To join the mortal dances,  
But Mr. Judd, with words unkind,  
Rejected her advances.

And passing down through London Town  
She stopped, for all was lonely,  
Attracted by a big brass plate  
Inscribed, FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

And so she went to Parliament,  
But those ungainly men  
Woke up from sleep, and turned about,  
And fell asleep again.



## LITANY TO SATAN

*(From Baudelaire)*

O GRANDEST of the Angels, and most wise,  
O fallen God, fate-driven from the skies,  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

O first of exiles who endurest wrong,  
Yet growest, in thy hatred, still more strong,  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain!

O subterranean King, omniscient,  
Healer of man's immortal discontent,  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

To lepers and to outcasts thou dost show  
That Passion is the Paradise below.  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Thou by thy mistress Death hast given to man  
Hope, the imperishable courtesan.  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Thou givest to the Guilty their calm mien  
Which damns the crowd around the guillotine  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Thou knowest the corners of the jealous Earth  
Where God has hidden jewels of great worth.  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Thou dost discover by mysterious signs  
Where sleep the buried people of the mines  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Thou stretchest forth a saving hand to keep  
Such men as roam upon the roofs in sleep.  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Thy power can make the halting Drunkard's feet  
Avoid the peril of the surging street.  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Thou, to console our helplessness, didst plot  
The cunning use of powder and of shot.  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Thy awful name is written as with pitch  
On the unrelenting foreheads of the rich.  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

In strange and hidden places thou dost move  
Where women cry for torture in their love.  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

Father of those whom God's tempestuous ire  
Has flung from Paradise with sword and fire,  
Satan, at last take pity on our pain.

### *Prayer*

Satan, to thee be praise upon the Height  
Where thou wast king of old, and in the night  
Of Hell, where thou dost dream on silently.  
Grant that one day beneath the Knowledge-tree  
When it shoots forth to grace thy royal brow,  
My soul may sit, that cries upon thee now.

## THE TRANSLATOR AND THE CHILDREN

WHILE I translated Baudelaire,  
Children were playing out in the air.  
Turning to watch, I saw the light  
That made their clothes and faces bright.  
I heard the tune they meant to sing  
As they kept dancing in a ring;  
But I could not forget my book,  
And thought of men whose faces shook  
When babies passed them with a look.

They are as terrible as death,  
Those children in the road beneath.  
Their witless chatter is more dread  
Than voices in a madman's head:  
Their dance more awful and inspired,  
Because their feet are never tired,  
Than silent revel with soft sound  
Of pipes, on consecrated ground,  
When all the ghosts go round and round.

## DESTROYER OF SHIPS, MEN, CITIES

HELEN of Troy has sprung from Hell  
To claim her ancient throne,  
So we have bidden friends farewell  
To follow her alone.

The Lady of the laurelled brow,  
The Queen of pride and power,  
Looks rather like a phantom now,  
And rather like a flower.

Deep in her eyes the lamp of night  
Burns with a secret flame,  
Where shadows pass that have no sight,  
And ghosts that have no name.

For mute is battle's brazen horn  
That rang for Priest and King,  
And she who drank of that brave morn  
Is pale with evening.

An hour there is when bright words flow,  
A little hour to sleep,  
An hour between, when lights are low,  
And then she seems to weep.

But no less lovely than of old  
She shines, and almost hears  
The horns that blew in days of gold,  
The shouting charioteers.

And she still breaks the hearts of men,  
Their hearts and all their pride,  
Doomed to be cruel once again,  
And live dissatisfied.

### OXFORD CANAL

WHEN you have wearied of the valiant spires of this  
County Town,  
Of its wide white streets and glistening museums, and  
black monastic walls,  
Of its red motors and lumbering trams, and self-sufficient people,  
I will take you walking with me to a place you have not seen —  
Half town and half country — the land of the Canal.

It is dearer to me than the antique town: I love it more than the rounded hills:

Straightest, sublimest of rivers is the long Canal.

I have observed great storms and trembled: I have wept for fear of the dark.

But nothing makes me so afraid as the clear water of this idle canal on a summer's noon.

Do you see the great telephone poles down in the water, how every wire is distinct?

If a body fell into the canal it would rest entangled in those wires for ever, between earth and air.

For the water is as deep as the stars are high.

One day I was thinking how if a man fell from that lofty pole

He would rush through the water toward me till his image was scattered by his splash,

When suddenly a train rushed by: the brazen dome of the engine flashed: the long white carriages roared;

The sun veiled himself for a moment, and the signals loomed in fog;

A savage woman screamed at me from a barge: little children began to cry;

The untidy landscape rose to life; a sawmill started;

A cart rattled down to the wharf, and workmen clanged over the iron footbridge;

A beautiful old man nodded from the first story window of a square red house,

And a pretty girl came out to hang up clothes in a small delightful garden.

O strange motion in the suburb of a county town: slow regular movement of the dance of death!

Men and not phantoms are these that move in light.

Forgotten they live, and forgotten die.

## HIALMAR SPEAKS TO THE RAVEN

(*From Leconte de Lisle*)

NIGHT on the bloodstained snow: the wind is chill:  
And there a thousand tombless warriors lie,  
Grasping their swords, wild-featured. All are still.  
Above them the black ravens wheel and cry.

A brilliant moon sends her cold light abroad:  
Hialmar arises from the reddened slain,  
Heavily leaning on his broken sword,  
And bleeding from his side the battle-rain.

'Hail to you all: is there one breath still drawn  
Among those fierce and fearless lads who played  
So merrily, and sang as sweet in the dawn  
As thrushes singing in the bramble shade?

'They have no word to say: my helm's unbound,  
My breastplate by the axe unriveted:  
Blood's on my eyes; I hear a spreading sound,  
Like waves or wolves that clamour in my head.

'Eater of men, old raven, come this way,  
And with thine iron bill open my breast,  
To-morrow find us where we lie to-day,  
And bear my heart to her that I love best.

'Through Upsála, where drink the Jarls and sing,  
And clash their golden bowls in company,  
Bird of the moor, carry on tireless wing  
To Ylmer's daughter there the heart of me.

'And thou shalt see her standing straight and pale,  
High pedestalled on some rook-haunted tower:  
She has two ear-rings, silver and vermeil,  
And eyes like stars that shine in sunset hour.

'Tell her my love, thou dark bird ominous;  
Give her my heart, no bloodless heart and vile  
But red compact and strong, O raven. Thus  
Shall Ylmer's daughter greet thee with a smile.

'Now let my life from twenty deep wounds flow,  
And wolves may drink the blood. My time is done.  
Young, brave and spotless, I rejoice to go  
And sit where all the Gods are, in the sun.

### *THE BALLAD OF THE STUDENT IN THE SOUTH*

**I**T was no sooner than this morn  
That first I found you there,  
Deep in a field of southern corn  
The colour of your hair.

I had read books you had not read,  
Yet I was put to shame  
To hear the simple words you said,  
And see your eyes aflame.

Shall I forget when prying dawn  
Sends me about my way,  
The careless stars, the quiet lawn,  
And you with whom I lay?

Yours is the beauty of the moon,  
The wisdom of the sea,  
Since first you tasted, sweet and soon,  
Of God's forbidden tree.

Darling, a scholar's fancies sink  
So faint beneath your song;  
And you are right, why should we think,  
We who are young and strong?

For we are simple, you and I,  
We do what others do,  
Who live because they fear to die  
And love the whole night through.

### *THE QUEEN'S SONG*

**H**AD I the power  
To Midas given of old  
To touch a flower  
And leave the petals gold  
I then might touch thy face,  
Delightful boy,  
And leave a metal grace,  
A graven joy.

Thus would I slay, —  
Ah, desperate device!  
The vital day  
That trembles in thine eyes,  
And let the red lips close  
Which sang so well,  
And drive away the rose  
To leave a shell.



Then I myself,  
Rising austere and dumb  
On the high shelf  
Of my half-lighted room,  
Would place the shining bust  
And wait alone,  
Until I was but dust,  
Buried unknown.

Thus in my love  
For nations yet unborn,  
I would remove  
From our two lives the morn,  
And muse on loveliness  
In mine arm-chair,  
Content should Time confess  
How sweet you were.

### ON TURNER'S POLYPHEMUS

PAINTER of day, let my dark spirit fly  
Past the Trinacrian Sound, to gaze upon  
The deathless horses of Hyperion  
Driven up fiery stairs tumultuously:  
To see once more the Achaian prow glide by,  
Odysseus in his burnished galleon,  
Nereides that sing him swiftly on,  
And baffled Cyclops fading in the sky.

Master, you paint the passion of the Earth,  
The faint victorious music of her birth,  
The splendour of things lost and things grown old;  
And show us song new-wrought with ardent might  
Of strong-winged morning and of sure delight,  
Of hyacinthine mist, and shining gold.

## THE BRIDGE OF FIRE

### I

HIGH on the bridge of Heaven whose Eastern bars  
Exclude the interchange of Night and Day,  
Robed with faint seas and crowned with quiet stars  
All great Gods dwell to whom men prayed or pray.  
No winter chills, no fear or fever mars  
Their grand and timeless hours of pomp and play;  
Some drive about the Rim wind-golden cars  
Or, shouting, laugh Eternity away.  
    The daughters of their pride,  
    Moon-pale, blue-water-eyed,  
Their flame-white bodies pearled with failing spray,  
    Send all their dark hair streaming  
    Down where the worlds lie gleaming,  
And draw their mighty lovers close and say:  
    ‘Come over by the Stream: one hears  
The speech of Nations broken in the chant of Spheres.’

### II

Hear now the song of those bright Shapes that shine  
Huge as Leviathans, tasting the fare  
Delicate-sweet, while scented dews divine  
Thrill from the ground and clasp the rosy air,  
‘Sing on, sing out, and reach a hand for wine,  
For the brown small Earth is softly afloat down there,  
And the suns burn low, and the sky is sapphirine,  
And the little winds of space are in our hair –  
    The little winds of space  
    Blow in the love-god’s face,  
The only god who lacks not praise and prayer;

He shall preserve his powers  
Though Ruin shake square towers  
And echoing Temples fall without repair,  
And still go forth as strong as ten,  
A red immortal riding in the hearts of men!

### III

The Gods whose faces are the morning light  
Of they who love the leafy rood of song,  
The Gods of Greece, dividing the broad night,  
Have gathered on the Bridge, of all that throng  
The fairest, whether he whose feet for flight  
Had plummy wings, or she to whom belong  
Shadows, Persephone, or that swan-white  
Rose-breasted island lady, gentle and strong,  
Or younger gods than these  
That peep among the trees  
And dance when Dionysus beats his gong,  
Of the old disastrous gods  
That nod with snaky nods  
Brandishing high the sharp and triple thong,  
Or whom the dull profound of Hell  
Spits forth, the reeling Typhon that in dark must dwell.

### IV

Shadows there are that seem to look for home,  
Each spreading like a gloom across the plain,  
Voiced like a great bell swinging in a dome,  
Appealing mightily for realms to reign.  
They were the slow and shapeless gods of Rome,  
Laborious gods, who founded power on pain,  
These watched the peasant turn his sullen loam,  
These drave him out to fight, nor drave in vain:

Saturnus white and old  
Who lost the age of gold,  
Mars who was proud to stand on the deep-piled slain,  
Pomona from whose womb  
Slow fruits in season come,  
And, tower-crowned mother of the yellow grain,  
Demeter, and the avenging dead,  
The silent Lemures, in fear with honey fed.

## V

Belus and Ra and that most jealous Lord  
Who rolled the hosts of Pharaoh in the sea,  
Trolls of the North, in every hand a sword,  
Gnomes and dwarfs and the shuddering company,  
Gods who take vengeance, gods who grant reward,  
Gods who exact a murdered devotee,  
Brahma the kind, and Siva the abhorred  
And they who tend Ygdrasil, the big tree,  
And Isis, the young moon,  
And she of the piping tune,  
Her Phrygian sister, cruel Cybele,  
Orpheus the lone harp-player  
And Mithras the man-slayer,  
And Allah rumbling on to victory,  
And some, the oldest of them all,  
Square heads that leer and lust, and lizard shapes that crawl.

## VI

Between the pedestals of Night and Morning,  
Between red death and radiant desire  
With not one sound of triumph or of warning  
Stands the great sentry on the Bridge of Fire.  
O transient soul, thy thought with dreams adorning,  
Cast down the laurel, and unstring the lyre:

The wheels of Time are turning, turning, turning,  
The slow stream channels deep and doth not tire.  
    Gods on their Bridge above  
    Whispering lies and love  
Shall mock your passage down the sunless river  
    Which, rolling all its streams,  
    Shall take you, king of dreams,  
– Unthroned and unapproachable for ever –  
    To where the kings who dreamed of old  
Whiten in habitations monumental cold.

### *WE THAT WERE FRIENDS*

**W**E that were friends to-night have found  
    A fear, a secret, and a shame:  
    I am on fire with that soft sound  
    You make, in uttering my name.

Forgive a young and boastful man  
    Whom dreams delight and passions please  
And love me as great women can  
    Who have no children at their knees.

### *MY FRIEND      J*

**I**HAD a friend who battled for the truth  
    With stubborn heart and obstinate despair,  
Till all his beauty left him, and his youth,  
And there were few to love him anywhere.

Then would he wander out among the graves,  
And think of dead men lying in a row;  
Or, standing on a cliff, observe the waves,  
And hear the wistful sound of winds below;

And yet they told him nothing. So he sought  
The twittering forest at the break of day,  
Or on fantastic mountains shaped a thought  
As lofty and impenitent as they.

And next he went in wonder through a town  
Slowly by day and hurriedly by night,  
And watched men walking up the street and down  
With timorous and terrible delight.

Weary, he drew man's wisdom from a book,  
And pondered on the high words spoken of old,  
Pacing a lamplit room: but soon forsook  
The golden sentences that left him cold.

After, a woman found him, and his head  
Lay on her breast, till he forgot his pain  
In gentle kisses on a midnight bed,  
And welcomed royal-winged joy again.

When love became a loathing, as it must,  
He knew not where to turn; and he was wise,  
Being now old, to sink among the dust,  
And rest his rebel heart, and close his eyes.

### *IDEAL*

**W**HEN all my gentle friends had gone  
I wandered in the night alone:  
Beneath the green electric glare  
• I saw men pass with hearts of stone.  
Yet still I heard them everywhere,  
Those golden voices of the air:

‘Friend, we will go to hell with thee,  
Thy griefs, thy glories we will share,  
And rule the earth, and bind the sea,  
And set ten thousand devils free —’  
‘What dost thou, stranger, at my side,  
Thou gaunt old man accosting me?  
Away, this is my night of pride!  
On lunar seas my boat will glide  
And I shall know the secret things.’  
The old man answered: ‘Woe betide!’  
Said I: ‘The world was made for kings;  
To him who works and working sings  
Come joy and majesty and power  
And steadfast love with royal wings.’  
‘O watch these fools that blink and cower,’  
Said that wise man: ‘and every hour  
A score is born, a dozen dies.’  
Said I: ‘In London fades the flower;  
But far away the bright blue skies  
Shall watch my solemn walls arise,  
And all the glory, all the grace  
Of earth shall gather there, and eyes  
Will shine like stars in that new place.’  
Said he: ‘Indeed of ancient race  
Thou comest, with thy hollow scheme.  
But sail, O architect of dream,  
To lands beyond the Ocean stream.  
Where are the islands of the blest,  
And where Atlantis, where Theleme?’

## MARY MAGDALEN

O EYES that strip the souls of men!  
There came to me the Magdalen.  
Her blue robe with a cord was bound,  
Her hair with knotted ivy crowned.  
'Arise,' she said, 'God calls for thee,  
Turned to new paths thy feet must be.  
Leave the fever and the feast,  
Leave the friend thou lovest best:  
For thou must walk in barefoot ways,  
On hills where God is near to praise.'

Then answered I — 'Sweet Magdalen,  
God's servant, once beloved of men,  
Why didst thou change old ways for new,  
Thy trailing red for corded blue,  
The rose for ivy on thy brow,  
That splendour for this barren vow?'  
Gentle of speech she answered me: —  
'Sir, I was sick with revelry.  
True, I have scarred the night with sin,  
A pale and tawdry heroine;  
Yet once I heard a voice that said,  
"Who lives in sin is like one dead,  
But follow: thy dark eyes shall see  
The towns of immortality."'

'O Mary, not for this,' I cried,  
'Didst thou renounce thy scented pride  
Nor for the roll of endless years  
Or fields of joy undewed by tears  
Didst thou desert the courts of men.  
Tell me thy truth, grave Magdalen!'

She trembled, and her eyes grew dim —  
'For love of Him, for love of Him.'



*I ROSE FROM DREAMLESS HOURS*

**I** ROSE from dreamless hours and sought the morn  
That beat upon my window: from the sill,  
I watched sweet lands, where Autumn light newborn  
Swayed through the trees and lingered on the hill.  
If things so lovely are, why labour still  
To dream of something more than this I see?  
Do I remember tales of Galilee,  
I who have slain my faith and freed my will:  
Let me forget dead faith, dead mystery,  
Dead thoughts of things I cannot comprehend.  
Enough the light mysterious in the tree,  
Enough the friendship of my chosen friend.

*PRAYER*

**L**ET me not know how sins and sorrows glide  
Along the sombre city of our rage,  
Or why the sons of men are heavy-eyed.

Let me not know, except from printed page,  
The pain of bitter love, of baffled pride,  
Or sickness shadowing with a long presage.

Let me not know, since happy some have died  
Quickly in youth or quietly in age,  
How faint, how loud the bravest hearts have cried.

## THE PIPER

A LAD went piping through the Earth,  
Gladly, madly, merrily,  
With a tune for death and a tune for birth.  
And a tune for lover's revelry.

He kissed the girls that sat alone  
With none to whisper, none to woo;  
Fired at his touch their faces shone,  
And beauty drenched them as the dew.

Old men who heard him danced again,  
And shuffled round with catching breath,  
And those that lay on beds of pain  
Went dancing through the gates of death.

If only he could make us thrill  
Once more with mirth and melody!  
I listened, but the street was still,  
And no one played for you and me.

1907

## THE MASQUE OF THE MAGI

• THREE Kings have come to Bethlehem  
With a trailing star in front of them.

*Mary*  
What would you in this little place,  
You three bright kings?

*Kings*

Mother, we tracked the trailing star  
Which brought us here from lands afar,  
And we would look on his dear face  
Round whom the Seraphs fold their wings.

*Mary*

But who are you, bright kings?

*Caspar*

Caspar am I: the rocky North  
From storm and silence drave me forth  
Down to the blue and tideless sea.  
I do not fear the tinkling sword,  
For I am a great battle-lord,  
And love the horns of chivalry.  
And I have brought thee splendid gold,  
The strong man's joy, refined and cold.  
All hail, thou Prince of Galilee!

*Balthazar*

I am Balthazar, Lord of Ind,  
Where blows a soft and scented wind  
From Taprobane towards Cathay.  
My children, who are tall and wise,  
Stand by a tree with shutten eyes  
And seem to meditate or pray.  
And these red drops of frankincense  
Betoken man's intelligence.  
Hail, Lord of Wisdom, Prince of Day! \*

*Melchior*

I am the dark man, Melchior,  
And I shall live but little more  
Since I am old and feebly move.

My kingdom is a burnt-up land  
Half buried by the drifting sand,  
So hot Apollo shines above.  
What could I bring but simple myrrh  
White blossom of the cordial fire?  
Hail, Prince of Souls, and Lord of Love!

*Chorus of Angels*

O Prince of Souls and Lord of Love,  
O'er thee the purple-breasted dove  
Shall watch with open silver wings,  
Thou King of Kings.  
*Suaviole o flos Virginum,*  
*Apparuit Rex Gentium.*

'Who art thou, little King of Kings?'  
His wondering mother sings.

TO A POET A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE

I WHO am dead a thousand years,  
And wrote this sweet archaic song,  
Send you my words for messengers  
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,  
Or ride secure the cruel sky,  
Or build consummate palaces  
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,  
And statues and a bright-eyed love,  
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,  
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind  
That falls at eve our fancies blow,  
And old Mæonides the blind  
Said it three thousand ~~years~~ ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,  
Student of our sweet English tongue,  
Read out my words at night, alone:  
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space  
To greet you. You will understand.

### HELIODORA

*(From Meleager)*

WHY dost thou touch, O flower-fed bee,  
Heliadora's skin,  
When open buds are asking thee  
To make thy home within?

What parable art murmuring? —  
That Eros makes man whole,  
And turns the poison of his sting  
To sweetness in the soul?

Is this your message, silly bee?  
A dreamer takes it so.  
Then home again! Don't trouble me!  
I knew it long ago.

1908?

## LOVE, THE BABY

(*From Meleager*)

LET him be sold, I say! Let him be sold,  
Even while he slumbers at his mother's breast.  
Why should I tend a thing so bad and bold,  
A snub-nosed imp, a little scratching pest!  
I find him always laughing through his tears:  
He treats his mother badly; won't be tamed,  
Has baby wings behind him; pries and peers,  
Behaves unruly, chatters unashamed —  
A shocking monster! Sailor men, this way!  
Who wants a boy to carry off to sea?  
Oh dear, he's crying! Come, I'll let you stay  
Close to the heart of my Zenophile.

1908a

## BALLAD OF THE LONDONER

EVENING falls on the smoky walls,  
And the railings drip with rain,  
And I will cross the old river  
To see my girl again.

The great and solemn-gliding tram,  
Love's still-mysterious car,  
Has many a light of gold and white,  
And a single dark red star.

I know a garden in a street  
Which no one ever knew;  
I know a rose beyond the Thames,  
Where flowers are pale and few.

## RESURRECTION

(By Piero degli Franceschi, at Borgo)

SLEEP holds you, sons of war: you may not see  
(You whose charmed heads sink heavy in your hands)  
How 'twixt the budding and the barren tree  
With glory in his staring eyes, he stands.  
There's a sharp movement in this shivering morn  
That blinds your senses while it breaks your power:  
The Phoenix grips the eagle: Christ reborn  
Bears high the standard. Sleep a little hour:  
Sleep: it were best ye saw not those bright eyes  
Prepared to wreck your world with errant flame,  
And drive strong men to follow mysteries,  
Voices, and winds, and things that have no name.  
Dare you leave strength half-proved, duty half-done?  
Awake! This God will hunt you from the sun!

Nov. 10, 1908

## DULCE LUMEN, TRISTE NUMEN, SUAVE LUMEN LUMINUM

THE town whose quiet veins are dark green sea,  
The town whose flowers and forests are bright stone:  
There it was the God came to you and me  
In the signless depth of summer. All alone  
We lay, and half in dream  
Gazed at the thin salt stream,  
And heard the ripples talking lazily.

No verdurous growth, no sudden sharp decline  
Of buds or leaves is there: the marble towers  
Come rain, come cold, come snow or gay sunshine  
Blossom eternally with graven flowers;

Yet there the mild God came,  
In silence, shod with flame,  
Girdled with mystery and crowned with vine.

We lay in the sun and listened, and we heard  
Soft-treading feet and whispers in the air,  
And thunder far away, like a god's word  
Of dire import, and saw the noonday flare  
And tall white palaces  
Sway all with dizziness;  
The bells pealed faintly, and the water stirred.

And Life stood still a moment, mists came swinging  
Blindly before us; suddenly we passed  
The boundaries of joy: our hearts were ringing  
True to the trembling world: we stood at last  
Beyond the golden gate,  
Masters of Time and Fate,  
And knew the tune that Sun and Stars were singing.

For like two travellers on a hill, who stay  
Viewing the smoke that dims the busy plains,  
So, far away (sweet words are 'far away'!)  
We saw our life: and all its crooked lanes,  
Dim cities and dark walls  
Fell as a world that falls  
And left us radiant in the Wind of Day.

An end, an end! Again the leaden noon  
Glowed, and hot Fever opened her red eyes,  
And Misery came creeping out, and soon  
We felt once more the sorrow of the Wise.  
Come, friend! We travel on  
(That one brief vision gone)  
Bravely, like men who go beyond the skies.

Nov. 20, 1908



## JOSEPH AND MARY

*Joseph*

MARY, art thou the little maid  
Who plucked me flowers in Spring?  
I know thee not: I feel afraid:  
Thou'rt strange this evening.

A sweet and rustic girl I won  
What time the woods were green;  
No woman with deep eyes that shone,  
And the pale brows of a Queen.

*Mary*

*(inattentive to his words)*

A stranger came with feet of flame  
And told me this strange thing, –  
For all I was a village maid  
My son should be a King.

*Joseph*

A King, dear wife! Who ever knew  
Of Kings in stables born!

*Mary*

Do you hear, in the dark and starlit blue  
The clarion and the horn?

*Joseph*

Mary, alas, lest grief and joy  
Have sent thy wits astray;  
But let me look on this my boy,  
And take the wraps away.

Behold the lad.

*Joseph*

I dare not gaze:  
Light streams from every limb.

*Mary*

The winter sun has stored his rays,  
And passed the fire to him.  
Look Eastward, look! I hear a sound.  
O Joseph, what do you see?

*Joseph*

The snow lies quiet on the ground  
And glistens on the tree;  
The sky is bright with a star's great light,  
And clearly I behold  
Three Kings descending yonder hill,  
Whose crowns are crowns of gold.  
O Mary, what do you hear and see  
With your brow toward the West?

*Mary*

The snow lies glistening on the tree  
And silent on Earth's breast;  
And strong and tall, with lifted eyes  
Seven shepherds walk this way,  
And angels breaking from the skies  
Dance, and sing hymns, and pray.

*Joseph*

I wonder much at these bright Kings;  
The shepherds I despise.

*Mary*

You know not what a shepherd sings,  
Nor see his shining eyes.

THE LOVER OF JALALU'DDIN

MY darling wandered through the house,  
His bow upon the rebeck, light as flame.  
Soft melodies he played, astray with sweet carouse,  
Mad songs without a name.  
Then, changing to a solemn mode and measure,  
'Cupbearer, wine!' he cried,  
'Wine for the sons of pleasure,  
The children of desire!'  
Forth from his corner came  
The moonbright boy, and set the brimming bowl  
Before us, with sweet reverence and grace.

My darling took the cup: over his face  
Flowed truant flames. 'Ye evil ghosts,' he cried,  
'I know my beauty: who is like to me?  
The sun of all the world, the Lover's pride,  
I am, I was, shall be  
With soul and spirit moving at my side.'

*Dec. 1908*

## DONDE ESTAN?

(*Fragment*)

### I

WE are they who dream no dreams,  
Singers of arising day  
Who undaunted,  
Where the sword of reason gleams,  
Follow hard, to hew away  
The woods enchanted.  
Through each dark and rustling byway  
Evil things have fled before us:  
We pursue them:  
We have carved an open highway,  
We have sung of Truth in chorus  
As we slew them.

### II

Though the shapes had something human,  
Though sweet lips and eyes entreated  
By their beauty:  
Though processions of tall women  
Looked and lured, we undefeated  
Did our duty.  
Though fair children, running after,  
Held out hands of supplication,  
Smiled and cried,  
Yet we watched with bitter laughter  
When delusion's fair creation  
Smitten, died.

### III

Where are they, the half-deceivers  
Statue-forms and young men's fancies,  
Gods of Greece?  
Dryads, where your groves and rivers,  
Where thy chaste and woodland dances,  
Artemis?  
Shadows, shadows! None will follow  
Cyprian maids; or voices sighing  
From the sea;  
Veiled is Isis, dark Apollo,  
Dead the Queen who called the dying  
Hecate.

★ ★ ★

### V

Where are they who crushed the East  
With ribaldry and song, and where  
The lewd viziers?  
Where the girls who crowned the feast  
For the Lords who had no care  
Of blood or tears?  
Where the millions who, forgotten,  
Fought for Selim's sultanate  
And filled Gehenna?  
Where the sword? — but dim and rotten  
Lies the sword that cleft the gate  
Of proud Vienna.

*Feb. or March 1909*

## THE TOWN WITHOUT A MARKET

THERE lies afar behind a western hill  
The Town without a Market, white and still;  
For six feet long and not a third as high  
Are those small habitations. There stood I,  
Waiting to hear the citizens beneath  
Murmur and sigh and speak through tongueless teeth.  
When all the world lay burning in the sun  
I heard their voices speak to me Said one:  
'Bright lights I loved and colours, I who find  
That death is darkness, and has struck me blind.'  
Another cried: 'I used to sing and play,  
But here the world is silent, day by day.'  
And one: 'On earth I could not see or hear,  
But with my fingers touched what I was near,  
And knew things round and soft, and brass from gold,  
And dipped my hand in water, to feel cold,  
And thought the grave would cure me, and was glad  
When the time came to lose what joy I had.'  
Soon all the voices of a hundred dead  
Shouted in wrath together. Some one said,  
'I care not, but the girl was sweet to kiss  
At evening in the meadows.' 'Hard it is,'  
Another cried, 'to hear no hunting horn.  
Ah me! the horse, the hounds, and the great grey morn  
When I rode out a-hunting.' And one sighed,  
'I did not see my son before I died.'  
A boy said, 'I was strong and swift to run:  
Now they have tied my feet: what have I done?'  
A man, 'But it was good to arm and fight  
And storm their cities in the dead of night.'  
An old man said, 'I read my books all day,  
But death has taken all my books away.'  
And one, 'The popes and prophets did not well  
To cheat poor dead men with false hopes of hell.'

Better the whips of fire that hiss and rend  
Than painless void proceeding to no end.'  
I smiled to hear them restless, I who sought  
Peace. For I had not loved, I had not fought,  
And books are vanities, and manly strength  
A gathered flower. God grant us peace at length!  
I heard no more, and turned to leave their town  
Before the chill came, and the sun went down.  
Then rose a whisper, and I seemed to know  
A timorous man, buried long years ago.  
'On Earth I used to shape the Thing that seems.  
Master of all men, give me back my dreams.  
Give me that world that never failed me then,  
The hills I made and peopled with tall men,  
The palace that I built and called my home,  
My cities which could break the pride of Rome,  
The three queens hidden in the sacred tree,  
And those white cloudy folk who sang to me.  
O death, why hast thou covered me so deep?  
I was thy sister's child, the friend of Sleep.'

Then said my heart, Death takes and cannot give.  
Dark with no dream is hateful: let me live!

## A WESTERN VOYAGE

**M**Y friend the Sun — like all my friends  
Inconstant, lovely, far away —  
Is out, and bright, and condescends  
To glory in our holiday.

A furious march with him I'll go  
And race him in the Western train,  
And wake the hills I used to know  
And swim the Devon sea again.

I have done foolishly to tread  
The footway of the false moonbeams,  
To light my lamp and call the dead  
And read their long black printed dreams.

I have done foolishly to dwell  
With Fear upon her desert isle,  
To take my shadowgraph to Hell,  
And then to hope the shades would smile.

And since the light must fail me soon  
(But faster, faster, Western train!)  
Proud meadows of the afternoon,  
I have remembered you again.

And I'll go seek through moor and dale  
A flower that wastrel winds caress;  
The bud is red and the leaves pale,  
The name of it Forgetfulness.

Then like the old and happy hills  
With frozen veins and fires outrun,  
I'll wait the day when darkness kills  
My brother and good friend, the Sun.



## INVITATION

*To a Young but Learned Friend to Abandon Archæology for the Moment,  
and Play once more with his Neglected Muse*

IN those good days when we were young and wise,  
You spake to music, you with the thoughtful eyes,  
And God looked down from heaven, pleased to hear  
A young man's song arise so firm and clear.  
Has Fancy died? The Morning Star gone cold?  
Why are you silent? Have we grown so old?  
Who sings upon Parnassus? He is dead,  
The God to whom be prayers, not praises, said,  
The sea-born, the Ionian. There is one —  
But he dreams deeper than the oaks of Clun.  
(May summer keep his maids and meadows glad:  
They hear no more the pipe of the Shropshire Lad!)  
And our Tyrtæus? Strange that such a name  
Already fades upon the mist of fame  
With the smoke of Eastern armies. But the third  
Still knows the dreadful meaning of a word.  
His gown is black and crimson: mystery  
Veils all his speech, so wonderful is he.

These three remain, and voiceless you, and I.  
— Come, the sweet radiance of our Spring is nigh.  
Must I alone keep playing? Will not you,  
Lord of the Measures, string your lyre anew?  
Lover of Greece, is this the richest store  
You bring us — withered leaves and dusty lore,  
And broken vases widowed of their wine,  
To brand you pedant while you stand divine?  
Decorous words beseech the learned lip,  
But Poets have the nicer scholarship.  
In English glades they watch the Cyprian glow  
And all the Mænad melodies they know.

They hear strange voices in a London street,  
And track the silver gleam of rushing feet;  
And these are things that come not to the view  
Of slippered dons who read a codex through.

O honeyed Poet, will you praise no more  
The moonlit garden and the midnight shore?  
Brother, have you forgotten how to sing  
The story of that weak and cautious king  
Who reigned two hundred years in Trebizond?  
You who would ever strive to pierce beyond  
Love's ecstasy, Life's vision, is it well  
We should not know the tales you have to tell?

### WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS

**W**E are they who come faster than fate: we are they who  
ride early or late:  
We storm at your ivory gate: Pale Kings of the Sunset,  
beware!

Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained solemnity die  
Among women who chatter and cry, and children who mumble a  
prayer.

But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we rise with a shout, and  
we tramp  
With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the spray of the wind in  
our hair.

From the lands, where the elephants are, to the forts of Merou and  
Balghar,  
Our steel we have brought and our star to shine on the ruins of Rum.  
We have marched from the Indus to Spain, and by God we will go  
there again;

We have stood on the shore of the plain where the Waters of  
Destiny boom.

A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were afraid,  
For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker of doom;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not a few of  
ambition,

And drave not a few to perdition with medicine bitter and strong:  
And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright as a desolate pool,  
And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their cavalry thundered  
along:

For the coward was drowned with the brave when our battle sheered  
up like a wave,

And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to God in our  
song.

### *THE BALLAD OF CAMDEN TOWN*

I WALKED with Maisie long years back  
The streets of Camden Town,  
I splendid in my suit of black,  
And she divine in brown.

Hers was a proud and noble face,  
A secret heart, and eyes  
Like water in a lonely place  
Beneath unclouded skies.

A bed, a chest, a faded mat,  
And broken chairs a few,  
Were all we had to grace our flat  
In Hazel Avenue.

But I could walk to Hampstead Heath,  
And crown her head with daisies,  
And watch the streaming world beneath,  
And men with other Maisies.

When I was ill and she was pale  
And empty stood our store,  
She left the latchkey on its nail,  
And saw me nevermore.

Perhaps she cast herself away  
Lest both of us should drown:  
Perhaps she feared to die, as they  
Who die in Camden Town.

What came of her? The bitter nights  
Destroy the rose and lily,  
And souls are lost among the lights  
Of painted Piccadilly.

What came of her? The river flows  
So deep and wide and stilly,  
And waits to catch the fallen rose  
And clasp the broken lily.

I dream she dwells in London still  
And breathes the evening air,  
And often walk to Primrose Hill,  
And hope to meet her there.

Once more together we will live,  
For I will find her yet:  
I have so little to forgive;  
So much, I can't forget.

*GRAVIS DULCIS IMMUTABILIS*

COME, let me kiss your wistful face  
Where Sorrow curves her bow of pain,  
And live sweet days and bitter days  
With you, or wanting you again.

I dread your perishable gold:  
Come near me now; the years are few.  
Alas, when you and I are old  
I shall not want to look at you:

And yet come in. I shall not dare  
To gaze upon your countenance,  
But I shall huddle in my chair,  
Turn to the fire my fireless glance,

And listen, while that slow and grave  
Immutable sweet voice of yours  
Rises and falls, as falls a wave  
In summer on forsaken shores.

## FOUNTAINS

**S**OFT is the collied night, and cool  
The wind about the garden pool.  
Here will I dip my burning hand  
And move an inch of drowsy sand,  
And pray the dark reflected skies  
To fasten with their seal mine eyes.  
A million million leagues away  
Among the stars the goldfish play,  
And high above the shadowed stars  
Wave and float the nenuphars.

## DIRGE

**I**F there be any grief  
For those lost eremites  
Who live where no man roams,  
It is on Autumn nights  
At falling of the leaf,  
It is when pale October,  
Relentless tree-disrober,  
Conceals the smokeless homes.

Autumn is not so chill  
Nor leaves so light in air,  
Nor any wind as dim  
Blowing from any where,  
Nor fallen snow as still  
As the boy who loved to wander  
Singing till the forest yonder  
Shouted in response to him.

My love has come to this —  
And what of this to me?  
His eyes are eaten now,  
My eyes he cannot see;  
These gentle hands of his  
Are taken by a stronger,  
There is a hand no longer  
To lay upon my brow.

Autumn has killed the rose;  
O mock him not with flowers  
For they are troublesome:  
Take him to pass the hours  
Where the grey nettle grows.  
Scantly his couch adorning  
Let him who praised the morning  
Lie here, till morning come.

1909. *Based on a poem published in 1907 as 'The Young Poet'*

### THE PARROT

THE old professor of Zoology  
Shook his long beard and spake these words to me:  
'Compare the Parrot with the Dove. They are  
In shape the same: in hue dissimilar.  
The Indian bird, which may be sometimes seen  
In red or black, is generally green.  
His beak is very hard: it has been known  
To crack thick nuts and penetrate a stone.  
Alas that when you teach him how to speak  
You find his head is harder than his beak.

The passionless Malay can safely drub  
The pates of parrots with an iron club:  
The ingenious fowls, like boys they beat at school,  
Soon learn to recognize a Despot's rule.

Now if you'd train a parrot, catch him young  
While soft the mouth and tractable the tongue.  
Old birds are fools: they dodder in their speech,  
More eager to forget than you to teach;  
They swear one curse, then gaze at you askance,  
And all oblivion thickens in their glance.

Thrice blest whose parrot of his own accord  
Invents new phrases to delight his Lord,  
Who spurns the dull quotidian task and tries  
Selected words that prove him good and wise.  
Ah, once it was my privilege to know  
A bird like this . . .

But that was long ago!

*July 1909*



## LORD ARNALDOS

*¿ Quien hubiese tal ventura ?*

THE strangest of adventures,  
That happen by the sea,  
Befell to Lord Arnaldos  
On the Evening of St. John;  
For he was out a-hunting —  
A huntsman bold was he! —  
When he beheld a little ship  
And close to land was she.  
Her cords were all of silver,  
Her sails of cramasy;  
And he who sailed the little ship  
Was singing at the helm:  
The waves stood still to hear him,  
The wind was soft and low;  
The fish who dwell in darkness  
Ascended through the sea,  
And all the birds in heaven  
Flew down to his mast-tree.  
Then spake the Lord Arnaldos,  
(Well shall you hear his words!)  
‘Tell me for God’s sake, sailor,  
What song may that song be?’  
The sailor spake in answer,  
And answer thus made he:  
‘I only tell my song to those  
Who sail away with me.’

## A MIRACLE OF BETHLEHEM

SCENE: *A street of that village*

*Three men with ropes, accosted by a stranger*

*The Stranger*

I PRAY you, tell me where you go  
With heads averted from the skies,  
And long ropes trailing in the snow,  
And resolution in your eyes.

*The First Man*

I am a lover sick of love,  
For scorn rewards my constancy;  
And now I hate the stars above,  
Because my dear will naught of me.

*The Second Man*

I am a beggar man, and play  
Songs with a splendid swing in them,  
But I have seen no food to-day.  
They want no song in Bethlehem.

*The Third Man*

I am an old man, Sir, and blind,  
A child of darkness since my birth.  
I cannot even call to mind  
The beauty of the scheme of earth.

Therefore I sought to understand  
A secret hid from mortal eyes,  
So in a far and fragrant land  
I talked with men accounted wise,

And I implored the Indian priest  
For wisdom from his holy snake,  
Yet am no wiser in the least,  
And have not seen the darkness break.

*The Stranger*

And whither go ye now, unhappy three?

*The Three Men With Ropes*

Sir, in our strange and special misery  
We met this night, and swore in bitter pride  
To sing one song together, friend with friend,  
And then, proceeding to the country side,  
To bind this cordage to a barren tree,  
And face to face to give our lives an end,  
And only thus shall we be satisfied.

*(They make to continue their road)*

*The Stranger*

Stay for a moment. Great is your despair,  
But God is kind. What voice from over there?

*A Woman*

*(from a lattice)*

My lover, O my lover, come to me!

*The First Man*

God with you. *(He runs to the window)*

*The Stranger*

Ah, how swiftly gone is he!

*Many Voices*

*(heard singing in a cottage)*

There is a softness in the night  
A wonder in that splendid star  
That fills us with delight,  
Poor foolish working people that we are,  
And only fit to keep  
A little garden or a dozen sheep.

Old broken women at the fire  
Have many ancient tales they sing,  
How the whole world's desire  
Should blossom here, and how a child should bring  
New glory to his race  
Though born in so contemptible a place.

Let all come in, if any brother go  
In shame or hunger, cold or fear,  
Through all this waste of snow.  
To-night the Star, the Rose, the Song are near,  
And still inside the door  
Is full provision for another score.

*(The Beggar runs to them)*

*The Stranger*

*(to the Blind Man)*

Do you not mean to share these joys?

*The Blind Man*

Aweary of this earthly noise  
I pace my silent way.  
Come you and help me tie this rope:  
I would not lose my only hope.  
Already clear the birds I hear,  
Already breaks the day.

*The Stranger*

O foolish and most blind old man,  
Where are those other two?

*The Blind Man*

Why, one is wed and t'other fed:  
Small thanks they gave to you.

*The Stranger*

To me no thanks are due.  
Yet since I have some little power  
Bequeathed me at this holy hour,  
I tell you, friend, that God shall grant  
This night to you your dearest want.

*The Blind Man*

Why this sweet odour? Why this flame?  
I am afraid. What is your name?

*The Stranger*

Ask your desire, for this great night  
Is passing.

*The Blind Man*

Sir, I ask my sight.

*The Stranger*

To see this earth? Or would you see  
That hidden world which sent you me?

*The Blind Man*

O sweet it were but once before I die  
To track the bird about the windy sky,  
Or watch the soft and changing grace  
Imprinted on a human face.

Yet grant me that which most I struggled for,  
Since I am old, and snow is on the ground.  
On earth there's little to be found,  
And I would bear with earth no more.  
O gentle youth,  
A fool am I, but let me see the Truth!

*The Stranger*

Gaze in my eyes.

*The Blind Man*

How can I gaze?  
What song is that, and what these rays  
Of splendour and this rush of wings?

*The Stranger*

These are the new celestial things.

*The Blind Man*

Round the body of a child  
A great dark flame runs wild.  
What may this be?

*The Stranger*

Look further, you shall see.

*The Blind Man*

Out on the sea of time and far away  
The Empires sail like ships, and many years  
Scatter before them in a mist of spray:  
And mountains rise like spears  
Silver and sharp against the scarlet day.

*The Stranger*

It is most sure that God has heard his prayer.

*(The Stranger vanishes)*

*The Beggar*

*(Leading a troop of revellers from the house where they  
were singing)*

Come, brothers, seek my friend and bring him in.  
On such a night as this it were a sin  
To leave the blind alone.

*The Revellers*

Greatly we fear lest he, still resolute,  
Have wandered to the fields for poisoned fruit.

*The Beggar*

See here upon this stone . . .  
He is all frozen . . . take him to a bed  
And warm his hands.

*The Revellers*

O sorrow, he is dead!

*FELO-DE-SE*

THE song of a man who was dead  
Ere any had heard of his song,  
Or had seen this his ultimate song,  
With the lines of it written in red,  
And the sound of it steady and strong.  
When you hear it, you know I am dead.

Not because I was weary of life  
As pallid poets are:  
My star was a conquering star,  
My element strife.  
I am young, I am strong, I am brave,  
It is therefore I go to the grave.

Now to life and to life's desire,  
And to youth and the glory of youth,  
Farewell, for I go to acquire,  
By the one road left me, Truth.  
Though a great God slay me with fire  
I will shout till he answer me. Why?  
(One soul and a Universe, why?)  
And for this it is pleasant to die.

For years and years I have slumbered,  
And slumber was heavy and sweet,  
But the last few moments are numbered,  
Like trampling feet that beat.  
I shall walk with the stars in their courses,  
And hear very soon, very soon,  
The voice of the forge of the Forces,  
And ride on the ridge of the moon,  
And sing a celestial tune.



## THE WELSH SEA

FAR out across Carnarvon bay,  
Beneath the evening waves,  
The ancient dead begin their day  
And stream among the graves.

Listen, for they of ghostly speech,  
Who died when Christ was born,  
May dance upon the yellow beach  
That once was yellow corn.

And you may learn of Dyfed's reign,  
And dream Nemedian tales  
Of Kings who sailed in ships from Spain  
And lent their swords to Wales.

Listen, for like a slow, green snake  
The Ocean twists and stirs,  
And whispers how the dead men wake  
And call across the years.

## IN MEMORIAM

I NEVER shall forget that night —  
Mid-April, four years gone:  
Nor how your eyes were bright, too bright,  
And how the pavement shone.

*Death on you now, death on your brow,  
Death on your eyes so fair,  
Death with his thin shadow hands  
Combing out your hair.*

O eyes long shut and lip to lip  
Fastened no more to sing:  
Old winter turned you in his grip  
And icy blew your spring.

Old winter had you by the throat:  
You could not speak to me  
Save in a low and whispered note  
As through a shell the sea.

*Death on you now, death on your brow,  
Death on your eyes so fair,  
Death with his thin shadow hands  
Combing out your hair.*

1910

## OPPORTUNITY

*(From Machiavelli)*

**B**UT who art thou, with curious beauty graced,  
O woman, stamped with some bright heavenly seal:  
Why go thy feet on wings, and in such haste?

'I am that maid whose secret few may steal  
Called Opportunity. I hasten by  
Because my feet are treading on a wheel,

'Being more swift to run than birds to fly.  
And rightly on my feet my wings I wear,  
To blind the sight of those who track and spy;

'Rightly in front I hold my scattered hair  
To veil my face, and down my breast to fall,  
Lest men should know my name when I am there;

'And leave behind my back no wisp at all  
For eager folk to clutch, what time I glide  
So near, and turn, and pass beyond recall.'

'Tell me; who is that Figure at thy side?'  
'Penitence. Mark this well that by degree  
Who lets me go must keep her for his bride.

'And thou hast spent much time in talk with me  
Busied with thoughts and fancies vainly grand,  
Nor hast remarked, O fool, neither dost see  
How lightly I have fled beneath thy hand.'

### NO COWARD'S SONG

I AM afraid to think about my death,  
When it shall be, and whether in great pain  
I shall rise up and fight the air for breath,  
Or calmly wait the bursting of my brain.

I am no coward who could seek in fear  
A folk-lore solace or sweet Indian tales:  
I know dead men are deaf and cannot hear  
The singing of a thousand nightingales.

I know dead men are blind and cannot see  
The friend that shuts in horror their big eyes,  
And they are witless — O, I'd rather be  
A living mouse than dead as a man dies.

## PILLAGE

THEY will trample our gardens to mire, they will bury our  
city in fire;

Our women await their desire, our children the clang of the  
chain.

Our grave-eyed judges and lords they will bind by the neck with  
cords,

And harry with whips and swords till they perish of shame or pain,  
And the great lapis lazuli dome where the gods of our race had a  
home

Will break like a wave from the foam, and shred into fiery rain.

No more on the long summer days shall we walk in the meadow-  
sweet ways

With the teachers of music and phrase, and the masters of dance and  
design.

No more when the trumpeter calls shall we feast in the white-light  
halls;

For stayed are the soft footfalls of the moon-browed bearers of wine,  
And lost are the statues of Kings and of Gods with great glorious  
wings,

And an empire of beautiful things, and the lips of the love who was  
mine.

We have vanished, but not into night, though our manhood we sold  
to delight,

Neglecting the chances of fight, unfit for the spear and the bow.

We are dead, but our living was great: we are dumb, but a song of  
our State

Will roam in the desert and wait, with its burden of long, long ago.  
Till a scholar from sea-bright lands unearth from the years and the  
sands

Some image with beautiful hands, and know what we want him to  
know.

## THE BALLAD OF ZACHO

*(A Greek Legend)*

ZACHO the King rode out of old  
    (And truth is what I tell)  
With saddle and spurs and a rein of gold  
To find the door of Hell.

And round around him surged the dead  
    With soft and lustrous eyes.  
'Why came you here, old friend?' they said:  
    'Unwise . . . unwise . . . unwise!'

'You should have left to the prince your son  
    Spurs and saddle and rein:  
Your bright and morning days are done;  
    You ride not out again.'

'I came to greet my friends who fell  
    Sword-scattered from my side;  
And when I've drunk the wine of Hell  
    I'll out again and ride!'

But Charon rose and caught his hair  
    In fingers sharp and long.  
'Loose me, old ferryman: play fair:  
    Try if my arm be strong.'

Thrice drave he hard on Charon's breast,  
    And struck him thrice to ground,  
Till stranger ghosts came out o' the west  
    And sat like stars around.

And thrice old Charon rose up high  
And seized him as before.  
'Loose me! a broken man am I,  
And fight with you no more.'

'Zacho, arise, my home is near;  
I pray you walk with me:  
I've hung my tent so full of fear  
You well may shake to see.

'Home to my home come they who fight,  
Who fight but not to win:  
Without, my tent is black as night,  
And red as fire within.

'Though winds blow cold and I grow old,  
My tent is fast and fair:  
The pegs are dead men's stout right arms,  
The cords, their golden hair.'

## THE SENTIMENTALIST

THERE lies a photograph of you  
Deep in a box of broken things.  
This was the face I loved and knew  
Five years ago, when life had wings;

Five years ago, when through a town  
Of bright and soft and shadowy bowers  
We walked and talked and trailed our gown  
Regardless of the cinctured hours.

The precepts that we held I kept;  
Proudly my ways with you I went:  
We lived our dreams while others slept,  
And did not shrink from sentiment.

Now I go East and you stay West  
And when between us Europe lies  
I shall forget what I loved best,  
Away from lips and hands and eyes.

But we were Gods then: we were they  
Who laughed at fools, believed in friends,  
And drank to all that golden day  
Before us, which this poem ends.

## DON JUAN IN HELL

(*From Baudelaire*)

THE night Don Juan came to pay his fees  
To Charon, by the caverned water's shore,  
A beggar, proud-eyed as Antisthenes,  
Stretched out his knotted fingers on the oar.

Mournful, with drooping breasts and robes unsewn  
The shapes of women swayed in ebon skies,  
Trailing behind him with a restless moan  
Like cattle herded for a sacrifice.

Here, grinning for his wage, stood Sganarelle,  
And here Don Luis pointed, bent and dim,  
To show the dead who lined the holes of Hell,  
This was that impious son who mocked at him.

The hollow-eyed, the chaste Elvira came,  
Trembling and veiled, to view her traitor spouse.  
Was it one last bright smile she thought to claim,  
Such as made sweet the morning of his vows?

A great stone man rose like a tower on board,  
Stood at the helm and cleft the flood profound:  
But the calm hero, leaning on his sword,  
Gazed back, and would not offer one look round.



## THE BALLAD OF ISKANDER

*Aflatun and Aristu and King Iskander are Plato,  
Aristotle, Alexander*

SULTAN Iskander sat him down  
On his golden throne, in his golden crown,  
And shouted, 'Wine and flute-girls three,  
And the Captain, ho! of my ships at sea.'

He drank his bowl of wine; he kept  
The flute-girls dancing till they wept,  
Praised and kissed their painted lips,  
And turned to the Captain of All his Ships

And cried, 'O Lord of my Ships that go  
From the Persian Gulf to the Pits of Snow,  
Inquire for men unknown to man!'   
Said Sultan Iskander of Yoonistan.

'Daroosh is dead, and I am King  
Of Everywhere and Everything:  
Yet leagues and leagues away for sure  
The lion-hearted dream of war.

'Admiral, I command you sail!  
Take you a ship of silver mail,  
And fifty sailors, young and bold,  
And stack provision deep in the hold,

'And seek out twenty men that know  
All babel tongues which flaunt and flow;  
And stay! Impress those learned two,  
Old Aflatun, and Aristu,

'And set your prow South-western ways  
A thousand bright and dimpling days,  
And find me lion-hearted Lords  
With breasts to feed Our rusting swords.'

The Captain of the Ships bowed low.  
'Sir,' he replied, 'I will do so.'  
And down he rode to the harbour mouth,  
To choose a boat to carry him South.

And he launched a ship of silver mail,  
With fifty lads to hoist the sail,  
And twenty wise — all tongues they knew,  
And Aflatun, and Aristu.

There had not dawned the second day  
But the glittering galleon sailed away,  
And through the night like one great bell  
The marshalled armies sang farewell.

In twenty days the silver ship  
Had passed the Isle of Serendip,  
And made the flat Araunian coasts  
Inhabited, at noon, by Ghosts.

In thirty days the ship was far  
Beyond the land of Calcobar,  
Where men drink Dead Men's Blood for wine,  
And dye their beards alizarine.

But on the hundredth day there came  
Storm with his windy wings aflame,  
And drave them out to that Lone Sea  
Whose shores are near Eternity.

★ ★ ★

For seven years and seven years  
Sailed those forgotten mariners,  
Nor could they spy on either hand  
The faintest level of good red land.

Birds or fish they saw not one;  
There swam no ship beside their own,  
And day-night long the lilled Deep  
Lay round them, with its flowers asleep.

The beams began to warp and crack,  
The silver plates turned filthy black,  
And drooping down on the carven rails  
Hung those once lovely silken sails.

And all the great ship's crew who were  
Such noble lads to do and dare  
Grew old and tired of the changeless sky  
And laid them down on the deck to die.

And they who spake all tongues there be  
Made antics with solemnity,  
Or closely huddled each to each  
Talked ribald in a foreign speech.

And Aflatun and Aristu  
Let their Beards grow, and their Beards grew  
Round and about the mainmast tree  
Where they stood still, and watched the sea.

And day by day their Captain grey  
Knelt on the rotting poop to pray:  
And yet despite ten thousand prayers  
They saw no ship that was not theirs.



When thrice the seven years had passed  
They saw a ship, a ship at last!  
Untarnished glowed its silver mail,  
Windless bellied its silken sail.

With a shout the grizzled sailors rose  
Cursing the years of sick repose,  
And they who spake in tongues unknown  
Gladly reverted to their own.

The Captain leapt and left his prayers  
And hastened down the dust-dark stairs,  
And taking to hand a brazen Whip  
He woke to life the long dead ship.

And Aflatun and Aristu,  
Who had no work that they could do,  
Gazed at the stranger Ship and Sea  
With their beards around the mainmast tree.

Nearer and nearer the new boat came,  
Till the hands cried out on the old ship's shame.  
'Silken sail to a silver boat,  
We too shone when we first set float!'

Swifter and swifter the bright boat sped,  
But the hands spake thin like men long dead —  
*'How striking like that boat were we  
In the days, sweet days, when we put to sea.'*

The ship all black and the ship all white  
Met like the meeting of day and night,  
Met, and there lay serene dark green  
A twilight yard of the sea between.

And the twenty masters of foreign speech  
Of every tongue they knew tried each;  
Smiling, the silver Captain heard,  
But shook his head and said no word.

Then Aflatun and Aristu  
Addressed the silver Lord anew,  
Speaking their language of Yoonistan  
Like countrymen to a countryman.

And 'Whence,' they cried, 'O Sons of Pride,  
Sail you the dark eternal tide?  
Lie your halls to the South or North,  
And who is the King that sent you forth!'

'We live,' replied that Lord with a smile,  
'A mile beyond the millionth mile.  
We know not South and we know not North,  
And *SULTAN ISKANDER* sent us forth.'

Said Aristu to Aflatun —  
'Surely our King, despondent soon,  
Has sent this second ship to find  
Unconquered tracts of humankind.'

But Aflatun turned round on him  
Laughing a bitter laugh and grim.  
'Alas,' he said, 'O Aristu,  
A white weak thin old fool are you.

'And does yon silver Ship appear  
As she had journeyed twenty year?  
And has that silver Captain's face  
A mortal or Immortal grace?

'Theirs is the land (as well I know)  
Where live the Shapes of Things Below  
Theirs is the country where they keep  
The Images men see in Sleep.

'Theirs is the Land beyond the Door,  
And theirs the old ideal shore.  
They steer our ship: behold our crew  
Ideal, and our Captain too.

'And lo! beside that mainmast tree  
Two tall and shining forms I see,  
And they are what we ought to be,  
Yet we are they, and they are we.'

He spake, and some young Zephyr stirred  
The two ships touched: no sound was heard;  
The Black Ship crumbled into air;  
Only the Phantom Ship was there.

And a great cry rang round the sky  
Of glorious singers sweeping by,  
And calm and fair on waves that shone  
The Silver Ship sailed on and on.

# THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

## PROLOGUE

WE who with songs beguile your pilgrimage  
And swear that Beauty lives though lilies die,  
We Poets of the proud old lineage  
Who sing to find your hearts, we know not why, –

What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales  
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,  
Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,  
And winds and shadows fall toward the West:

And there the world's first huge white-bearded kings  
In dim glades sleeping, murmur in their sleep,  
And closer round their breasts the ivy clings,  
Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep.

## II

And how beguile you? Death has no repose  
Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand  
Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those  
Who made the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

And now they wait and whiten peaceably,  
Those conquerors, those poets, those so fair:  
They know time comes, not only you and I,  
But the whole world shall whiten, here or there;

When those long caravans that cross the plain  
With dauntless feet and sound of silver bells  
Put forth no more for glory or for gain,  
Take no more solace from the palm-girt wells.

When the great markets by the sea shut fast  
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on:  
When even lovers find their peace at last,  
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone.

## EPILOGUE

*At the Gate of the Sun, Bagdad, in olden time*

*The Merchants*

*(together)*

AWAY, for we are ready to a man!  
Our camels sniff the evening and are glad.  
Lead on, O Master of the Caravan:  
Lead on the Merchant-Princes of Bagdad.

*The Chief Draper*

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,  
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,  
And broideries of intricate design,  
And printed hangings in enormous bales?

*The Chief Grocer*

We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,  
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,  
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred  
As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise.



*The Principal Jews*

And we have manuscripts in peacock styles  
By Ali of Damascus; we have swords  
Engraved with storks and apes and crocodiles,  
And heavy beaten necklaces, for Lords.

*The Master of the Caravan*

But you are nothing but a lot of Jews.

*The Principal Jews*

Sir, even dogs have daylight, and we pay.

*The Master of the Caravan*

But who are ye in rags and rotten shoes,  
You dirty-bearded, blocking up the way?

*The Pilgrims*

We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go  
Always a little further: it may be  
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,  
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,

White on a throne or guarded in a cave  
There lives a prophet who can understand  
Why men were born: but surely we are brave,  
Who make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

*The Chief Merchant*

We gnaw the nail of hurry. Master, away!

*One of the Women*

O turn your eyes to where your children stand.  
Is not Bagdad the beautiful? O stay!

*The Merchants*

(in chorus)

We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

*An Old Man*

Have you not girls and garlands in your homes,  
Eunuchs and Syrian boys at your command?  
Seek not excess: God hateth him who roams!

*The Merchants*

(in chorus)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

*A Pilgrim with a Beautiful Voice*

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells  
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,  
And softly through the silence beat the bells  
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.

*A Merchant*

We travel not for trafficking alone:  
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:  
For lust of knowing what should not be known  
We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

*The Master of the Caravan*

Open the gate, O watchman of the night!

*The Watchman*

Ho, travellers, I open. For what land  
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?

*The Merchants*

*(with a shout)*

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

*(The Caravan passes through the gate)*

*The Watchman*

*(consoling the women)*

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.

Men are unwise and curiously planned.

*A Woman*

They have their dreams, and do not think of us.

*Voices of the Caravan*

*(in the distance, singing)*

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

## GATES OF DAMASCUS

FOUR great gates has the city of Damascus,  
And four Grand Wardens, on their spears reclining,  
All day long stand like tall stone men  
And sleep on the towers when the moon is shining.

*This is the song of the East Gate Warden  
When he locks the great gate and smokes in his garden.*

Postern of Fate, the Desert Gate, Disaster's Cavern, Fort of Fear,  
The Portal of Bagdad am I, the Doorway of Diarbekir.

The Persian Dawn with new desires may net the flushing mountain  
spires:  
But my gaunt buttress still rejects the suppliance of those mellow  
fires.

Pass not beneath, O Caravan, or pass not singing. Have you heard  
That silence where the birds are dead yet something pipeth like a  
bird?

Pass not beneath! Men say there blows in stony deserts still a rose  
But with no scarlet to her leaf — and from whose heart no perfume  
flows.

Wilt thou bloom red where she buds pale, thy sister rose? Wilt thou  
not fail  
When noonday flashes like a flail? Leave nightingale the caravan!

Pass then, pass all! 'Bagdad!' ye cry, and down the billows of blue  
sky'  
Ye beat the bell that beats to hell, and who shall thrust ye back?  
Not I.

The Sun who flashes through the head and paints the shadows green  
and red, —

The Sun shall eat thy fleshless dead, O Caravan, O Caravan!

And one who licks his lips for thirst with fevered eyes shall face in  
fear

The palms that wave, the streams that burst, his last mirage, O  
Caravan!

And one — the bird-voiced Singing-man — shall fall behind thee,  
Caravan!

And God shall meet him in the night, and he shall sing as best he  
can.

And one the Bedouin shall slay, and one, sand-stricken on the way  
Go dark and blind; and one shall say — 'How lonely is the Caravan!'

Pass out beneath, O Caravan, Doom's Caravan, Death's Caravan!  
I had not told ye, fools, so much, save that I heard your Singing-  
man.

*This was sung by the West Gate's keeper  
When heaven's hollow dome grew deeper.*

I am the gate toward the sea: O sailor men, pass out from me!  
I hear you high on Lebanon, singing the marvels of the sea.

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea,  
The snow-besprinkled wine of earth, the white-and-blue-flower  
foaming sea.

Beyond the sea are towns with towers, carved with lions and lily  
flowers,  
And not a soul in all those lonely streets to while away the hours.

Beyond the towns, an isle where, bound, a naked giant bites the  
ground:  
The shadow of a monstrous wing looms on his back: and still no  
sound.

Beyond the isle a rock that screams like madmen shouting in their  
dreams,  
From whose dark issues night and day blood crashes in a thousand  
streams.

Beyond the rock is Restful Bay, where no wind breathes or ripple  
stirs,  
And there on Roman ships, they say, stand rows of metal mariners.

Beyond the bay in utmost West old Solomon the Jewish King  
Sits with his beard upon his breast, and grips and guards his magic  
ring:

And when that ring is stolen, he will rise in outraged majesty,  
And take the World upon his back, and fling the World beyond the  
sea.

*This is the song of the North Gate's master,  
Who singeth fast, but drinketh faster.*

I am the gay Aleppo Gate: a dawn, a dawn and thou art there:  
Eat not thy heart with fear and care, O brother of the beast we hate!

Thou hast not many miles to tread, nor other foes than fleas to dread;  
Homs shall behold thy morning meal and Hama see thee safe in bed.

Take to Aleppo filigrane, and take them paste of apricots,  
And coffee tables botched with pearl, and little beaten brassware  
pots:

And thou shalt sell thy wares for thrice the Damascene retailers'  
price,  
And buy a fat Armenian slave who smelleth odorous and nice.

Some men of noble stock were made: some glory in the murder-  
blade:

Some praise a Science or an Art, but I like honourable Trade!

Sell them the rotten, buy the ripe! Their heads are weak; their  
pockets burn.

Aleppo men are mighty fools. Salaam Aleikum! Safe return!

*This is the song of the South Gate Holder,  
A silver man, but his song is older.*

I am the Gate that fears no fall: the Mihrab of Damascus wall,  
The bridge of booming Sinai: the Arch of Allah all in all.

O spiritual pilgrim rise: the night has grown her single horn:  
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart and eyes  
that burn:

Ah Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there, when thou  
art there?

God be thy guide from camp to camp: God be thy shade from well  
to well;

God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's camel  
bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge to  
endure

This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring thee out to Life  
again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where eighteen thousand Æons  
pass,  
And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men see dew upon the  
grass.

And son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's end  
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head, and call  
thee Friend.

## YASMIN

### *A Ghazel*

HOW splendid in the morning glows the lily: with what  
grace he throws  
His supplication to the rose: do roses nod the head, Yasmin?

But when the silver dove descends I find the little flower of friends  
Whose very name that sweetly ends I say when I have said, Yasmin.

The morning light is clear and cold: I dare not in that light behold  
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed, Yasmin.

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the lone highway,  
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin;

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a soul aswoon,  
And harping planets talk love's tune with milky wings outspread,  
Yasmin,



Shower down thy love, O burning bright! For one night or the  
other night  
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers are dead,  
Yasmin.

## SAADABAD

### I

LET us deal kindly with a heart of old by sorrow torn:  
Come with Nedim to Saadabad, my love, this silver morn:  
I hear the boatmen singing from our caïque on the Horn,  
*Waving cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad!*

We shall watch the Sultan's fountains ripple, rumble, splash and rise  
Over terraces of marble, under the blue balconies,  
Leaping through the plaster dragon's hollow mouth and empty  
eyes:  
*Waving cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad.*

Lie a little to your mother: tell her you must out to pray,  
And we'll slink along the alleys, thieves of all a summer day,  
Down to the worn old watersteps, and then, my love, away  
*O my cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad.*

You and I, and with us only some poor lover in a dream:  
I and you — perhaps one minstrel who will sing beside the stream.  
Ah Nedim will be the minstrel, and the lover be Nedim,  
*Waving cypress, waving cypress, when we go to Saadabad!*

## II

Down the Horn Constantinople fades and flashes in the blue,  
Rose of cities dropping with the heavy summer's burning dew,  
Fading now as falls the Orient evening round the sky and you,  
Fading into red and silver as we row to Saadabad.

Banish then, O Grecian eyes, the passion of the waiting West!  
Shall God's holy monks not enter on a day God knoweth best  
To crown the Roman king again, and hang a cross upon his breast?  
Daughter of the Golden Islands, come away to Saadabad.

And a thousand swinging steeples shall begin as they began  
When Heraclius rode home from the wrack of Ispahan,  
Naked captives pulled behind him, double eagles in the van —  
But is that a tale for lovers on the way to Saadabad?

Rather now shall you remember how of old two such as we,  
You like her the laughing mistress of a poet, him or me,  
Came to find the flowery lawns that give the soul tranquillity:  
Let the boatmen row no longer — for we land at Saadabad.

See you not that moon-dim caique with the lovers at the prow,  
Straining eyes and aching lips, and touching hands as we do now,  
See you not the turbaned shadows passing, whence? and moving,  
how?

Are the ghosts of all the Moslems floating down to Saadabad?

★ ★ ★

Broken fountains, phantom waters, nevermore to glide and gleam  
From the dragon-mouth in plaster sung of old by old Nedim,  
Beautiful and broken fountains, keep you still your Sultan's dream,  
Or remember how his poet took a girl to Saadabad?

## THE HAMMAM NAME

*(From a poem by a Turkish Lady)*

WINSOME Torment rose from slumber, rubbed his eyes,  
and went his way  
Down the street towards the Hammam. Goodness  
gracious! people say,  
What a handsome countenance! The Sun has risen twice to-day!  
And as for the Undressing Room it quivered in dismay.  
With the glory of his presence see the window panes perspire,  
And the water in the basin boils and bubbles with desire.

Now his lovely cap is treated like a lover: off it goes!  
Next his belt the boy unbuckles; down it falls, and at his toes  
All the growing heap of garments buds and blossoms like a rose.  
Last of all his shirt came flying. Ah, I tremble to disclose  
How the shell came off the almond, how the lily showed its face,  
How I saw a silver mirror taken flashing from its case.

He was gazed upon so hotly that his body grew too hot,  
So the bathman seized the adorers and expelled them on the spot;  
Then the desperate shampooer his propriety forgot,  
Stumbled when he brought the pattens, fumbled when he tied a  
knot,  
And remarked when musky towels had obscured his idol's hips,  
See Love's Plenilune, Mashallah, in a partial eclipse!

Desperate the loofah wriggled: soap was melted instantly:  
All the bubble hearts were broken. Yes, for them as well as me,  
Bitterness was born of beauty; as for the shampooer, he  
Fainted, till a jug of water set the Captive Reason free.  
Happy bath! The baths of heaven cannot wash their spotted moon:  
You are doing well with this one. Not a spot upon him soon!

Now he leaves the luckless bath for fear of setting it alight;  
Seizes on a yellow towel growing yellower in fright,  
Polishes the pearly surface till it burns disastrous bright,  
And a bathroom window shatters in amazement at the sight.  
Like the fancies of a dreamer frail and soft his garments shine  
As he robes a mirror body shapely as a poet's line.

Now upon his cup of coffee see the lips of Beauty bent:  
And they perfume him with incense and they sprinkle him with  
scent,  
Call him Bey and call him Pasha, and receive with deep content  
The gratuities he gives them, smiling and indifferent.  
Out he goes: the mirror strains to kiss her darling; out he goes!  
Since the flame is out, the water can but freeze.

The water froze.

### IN PHÆACIA

HAD I that haze of streaming blue,  
That sea below, the summer faced,  
I'd work and weave a dress for you  
And kneel to clasp it round your waist,  
And broider with those burning bright  
Threads of the Sun across the sea,  
And bind it with the silver light  
That wavers in the olive tree.

Had I the gold that like a river  
Pours through our garden, ~~ewe~~ by eve,  
Our garden that goes on for ever  
Out of the world, as we believe;  
Had I that glory on the vine  
That splendour soft on tower and town,  
I'd forge a crown of that sunshine,  
And break before your feet the crown.

Through the great pinewood I have been  
    An hour before the lustre dies,  
Nor have such forest-colours seen  
    As those that glimmer in your eyes.  
Ah, misty woodland, down whose deep  
    And twilight paths I love to stroll  
To meadows quieter than sleep  
    And pools more secret than the soul!

Could I but steal that awful throne  
    Ablaze with dreams and songs and stars  
Where sits Night, a man of stone,  
    On the frozen mountain spars  
I'd cast him down, for he is old,  
    And set my Lady there to rule,  
Gowned with silver, crowned with gold,  
    And in her eyes the forest pool.

## EPITHALAMION

S MILE then, children, hand in hand  
Bright and white as the summer snow,  
Or that young King of the Grecian land,  
Who smiled on Thetis, long ago, —  
So long ago when, heart aflame,  
The grave and gentle Peleus came  
To the shore where the halcyon flies  
To wed the maiden of his devotion,  
The dancing lady with sky-blue eyes,  
Thetis, the darling of Paradise,  
The daughter of old Ocean.  
Seas before her rise and break,  
Dolphins tumble in her wake  
Along the sapphire courses:  
With Tritons ablow on their pearly shells  
With a plash of waves and a clash of bells  
From the glimmering house where her Father dwells  
She drives his white-tail horses!  
And the boys of heaven gowned and crowned,  
Have Aphrodite to lead them round,  
Aphrodite with hair unbound  
Her silver breasts adorning.  
Her long, her soft, her streaming hair,  
Falls on a silver breast laid bare  
By the stir and swing of the sealit air  
And the movement of the morning.

## *HYALI*

Στὸ Γυάλι, στὸ γαλᾶζιο βράχο

**I**SLAND in blue of summer floating on,  
Little brave sister of the Sporades,  
Hail and farewell! I pass, and thou art gone,  
So fast in fire the great boat beats the seas.

But slowly fade, soft Island! Ah to know  
Thy town and who the gossips of thy town,  
What flowers flash in thy meadows, what winds blow  
Across thy mountain when the sun goes down.

There is thy market, where the fisher throws  
His gleaming fish that gasp in the death-bright dawn:  
And there thy Prince's house, painted old rose,  
Beyond the olives, crowns its slope of lawn.

And is thy Prince so rich that he displays  
At festal board the flesh of sheep and kine?  
Or dare he — summer days are long hot days —  
Load up with Asian snow his Coan wine?

Behind a rock, thy harbour, whence a noise  
Of tarry sponge-boats hammered lustily:  
And from that little rock thy naked boys  
Like burning arrows shower upon the sea.

And there by the old Greek chapel — there beneath  
A thousand poppies that each sea-wind stirs  
And cyclamen, as honied and white as death,  
Dwell deep in earth the elder islanders.

★ ★ ★

Thy name I know not, Island, but *his* name  
I know, and why so proud thy mountain stands,  
And what thy happy secret, and Who came  
Drawing his painted galley up thy sands.

For my Gods — Trident Gods who deep and pale  
Swim in the Latmian Sound, have murmured thus:  
‘To such an island came with a pompous sail  
On his first voyage young Herodotus.’

Since then — tell me no tale how Romans built,  
Saracens plundered — or that bearded lords  
Rowed by to fight for Venice, and here spilt  
Their blood across the bay that keeps their swords.

That old Greek day was all thy history:  
For that did Ocean poise thee as a flower.  
Farewell: this boat attends not such as thee:  
Farewell: I was thy lover for an hour!

Farewell! But I who call upon thy caves  
Am far like thee, — like thee, unknown and poor,  
And yet my words are music as thy waves,  
And like thy rocks shall down through time endure.



## SANTORIN

*(A Legend of the Ægean)*

W HO are you, Sea Lady,  
And where in the seas are we?  
I have too long been steering  
By the flashes in your eyes.  
Why drops the moonlight through my heart,  
And why so quietly  
Go the great engines of my boat  
As if their souls were free?  
'Oh ask me not, bold sailor;  
Is not your ship a magic ship  
That sails without a sail:  
Are not these isles the Isle of Greece  
And dust upon the sea?  
But answer me three questions  
And give me answers three.  
What is your ship?' 'A British.'  
'And where may Britain be?'  
'Oh it lies north, dear lady;  
It is a small country.'  
'Yet you will know my lover  
Though you live far away:  
And you will whisper where he has gone,  
That lily boy to look upon,  
And whiter than the spray.'  
'How should I know your lover,  
Lady of the sea?'  
'Alexander, Alexander,  
The King of the World was he.'  
'Weep not for him, dear lady,  
But come aboard my ship.  
So many years ago he died,  
He's dead as dead can be.'

• 'O base and brutal sailor  
To lie this lie to me.  
His mother was the foam-foot  
Star-sparkling Aphrodite;  
His father was Adonis  
Who lives away in Lebanon,  
In stony Lebanon, where blooms  
His red anemone.  
But where is Alexander,  
The soldier Alexander,  
My golden love of olden days  
The King of the world and me?'  
  
She sank into the moonlight  
And the sea was only sea.

*A SHIP, AN ISLE, A SICKLE MOON*

A SHIP, an isle, a sickle moon —  
With few but with how splendid stars  
The mirrors of the sea are strewn  
Between their silver bars!

★ ★ ★

An isle beside an isle she lay,  
The pale ship anchored in the bay,  
While in the young moon's port of gold  
A star-ship — as the mirrors told —  
Put forth its great and lonely light  
To the unreflecting Ocean, Night.  
And still, a ship upon her seas,  
The isle and the island cypresses  
Went sailing on without the gale:  
And still there moved the moon so pale,  
A crescent ship without a sail!

## OAK AND OLIVE

### I

**T**HOUGH I was born a Londoner,  
And bred in Gloucestershire,  
I walked in Hellas years ago  
With friends in white attire:  
And I remember how my soul  
Drank wine as pure as fire.

And when I stand by Charing Cross  
I can forget to hear  
The crash of all those smoking wheels,  
When those cold flutes and clear  
Pipe with such fury down the street,  
My hands grow moist with fear.

And there's a hall in Bloomsbury  
No more I dare to tread,  
For all the stone men shout at me  
And swear they are not dead;  
And once I touched a broken girl  
And knew that marble bled.

### II

But when I walk in Athens town  
That swims in dust and sun  
Perverse, I think of London then  
Where massive work is done,  
And with what sweep at Westminster  
The rayless waters run.

I ponder *how* from Attic seed  
There grew an English tree,  
How Byron like *his* heroes fell,  
Fighting a country free,  
And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips  
The kiss of Poetry.

And while our poets chanted Pan  
Back to his pipes and power,  
Great Verrall, bending at his desk,  
And searching hour on hour  
Found out old gardens, where the wise  
May pluck a Spartan flower.

### III

When I go down the Gloucester lanes  
My friends are deaf and blind:  
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes  
The Mænads leap behind,  
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,  
They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan  
Through Cranham's sober trees?  
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill  
With a nymph upon my knees,  
And she as rosy as the dawn,  
And naked as the breeze?

### IV

But when I lie in Grecian fields,  
Smothered in asphodel,  
Or climb the blue and barren hills,  
Or sing in woods that smell  
With such hot spices of the South  
As mariners might sell —

Then my heart turns where no sun burns,  
To lands of glittering rain,  
To fields beneath low-clouded skies  
New-widowed of their grain,  
And Autumn leaves like blood and gold  
That strew a Gloucester lane.

V

Oh, well I know sweet Hellas now,  
And well I knew it then,  
When I with starry lads walked out —  
But ah, for home again!  
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire,  
One of the Englishmen!

*BRUMANA*

O H shall I never never be home again?  
Meadows of England shining in the rain  
Spread wide your daisied lawns: your ramparts green  
With briar fortify, with blossom screen  
Till my far morning — and O streams that slow  
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,  
For me your love and all your kingcups store,  
And — dark militia of the southern shore,  
Old fragrant friends — preserve me the last lines  
Of that long saga which you sung me, pines,  
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree  
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor<sup>\*</sup> pines, you sang what life has found  
The falsest of fair tales.  
Earth blew a far-horn prelude all around,  
That native music of her forest home,  
While from the sea's blue fields and syren dales  
Shadows and light noon-spectres of the foam  
Riding the summer gales  
On aery viols plucked an idle sound.  
Hearing you sing, O trees,  
Hearing you murmur, 'There are older seas,  
That beat on vaster sands,  
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers  
To carven rocks and sculptured promont'ries,'  
Hearing you whisper, 'Lands  
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers.'

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,  
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea;  
Beneath me sleep in mist and light and calm  
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow-dim,  
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule  
In ancient days in endless dynasty.  
And all around the snowy mountains swim  
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill  
Where stands a grove, O pines, of sister pines,  
And when the downy twilight droops her wing  
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines  
My heart shall listen still.  
For pines are gossip pines the wide world through  
And full of runic tales to sigh or sing.  
'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky  
Mantling a deeper gold or darker blue.  
'Tis ever sweet to lie  
On the dry carpet of the needles brown,

And though the fanciful green lizard stir  
And windy odours light as thistledown  
Breathe from the lavdanon and lavender,  
Half to forget the wandering and pain,  
Half to remember days that have gone by,  
And dream and dream that I am home again!

### AREIYA

THIS place was formed divine for love and us to dwell;  
This house of brown stone built for us to sleep therein;  
Those blossoms haunt the rocks that we should see and smell;  
Those old rocks break the hill that we the heights should win.

Those heights survey the sea that there our thoughts should sail  
Up the steep wall of wave to touch the Syrian sky:  
For us that sky at eve fades out of purple pale,  
Pale as the mountain mists beneath our house that lie.

In front of our small house are brown stone arches three;  
Behind it, the low porch where all the jasmine grows;  
Beyond it, red and green, the gay pomegranate tree;  
Around it, like love's arms, the summer and the rose.

Within it sat and wrote in minutes soft and few  
This worst and best of songs, one who loves it, and you.

## BRYAN OF BRITTANY

ROSES are golden or white or red  
And green or grey for a sea,  
But the loveliest girl alive, men said,  
Was Bryan of Brittany.

Court or courtier never a one  
Had Bryan the farmer's lass:  
Her glorious hair was spread in the sun  
And her feet were dewed in the grass.

Evening opened a flower in the skies  
And shut the others asleep:  
Home she came with the West in her eyes,  
Driving her silver sheep.

'O Mother, say, and brothers seven,  
What guests are these we have  
With beards as white as the snow of heaven  
And their dark faces grave?

'But are they merchants from the towns  
Or captains from the sea,  
These that are clothed in crimson gowns,  
And bow to the earth to me?'

'O kiss me, Bryan, and take the ring:  
Kiss me good-bye, my daughter:  
You're to marry a crownèd king  
In Babylon over the water.'

Golden hair as the gold of a rose  
Had Bryan of Brittany,  
And her breasts were white as the foam, and the light  
Of her eyes was the light of the sea.



What shall I do in Babylon  
A crownèd king to keep?  
I'll not leave you and my brother John  
And my flock of silver sheep.'

'Ah, Bryan, bravely spoken,  
And bravely, dear, you speak,  
Not to leave me heart-broken  
And mother old and weak.'

Said James the eldest brother,  
With his deep black eyes ablaze,  
'They bring us gold, O mother,  
And jewels with red rays.'

And John, the youngest brother,  
Whose eyes were bright and blue,  
Said, 'Let her go, my mother:  
I'll bring her back to you.'

'Swear by Christ's love, then, my son John,  
That when I feel the pain  
You'll go to leafy Babylon  
And bring her back again.'

'By Christ upon the Cross who bled  
And the seventy saints at Rome,  
I'll go there living or go there dead,  
And bring my sister home.'

## II

It fell the mother had not seen  
A second Whitsuntide  
Since Bryan sailed, a Persian Queen,  
When her seven sons all died.

'O false and faithless, my son John,  
And traitor in your tomb:  
Who now will go to Babylon,  
And bring me Bryan home? —

'Whose hair is the golden gold of a rose,  
And red rose lips has she,  
And her breasts are as white as the foam, and the light  
Of her eyes is the light of the sea.'

### III

It chanced a summer night so fair,  
A night so fair and calm,  
Bryan was combing her beautiful hair  
In the moon, beneath a palm.

And gently sounded through the skies  
Slow bells of Babylon,  
When there came one with bright blue eyes  
And the face of her brother John.

'Bryan, away from Babylon:  
Our mother weeps to-night!'  
'How tall you are, my brother John,  
And your blue eyes how bright!'

'Oh, I am tall enough to stand  
And eyed enough to see,  
And we'll go round by way of the land  
From here to Brittany.'

Days went on and the road went on  
And skies brought paler skies: —  
'You never sleep, my brother John,  
You never close your eyes.'

‘O Bryan, sister, do not fear,  
And Bryan, do not weep:  
Before I came to find you, dear,  
I had enough of sleep.’

Days went on and the road went on,  
And stars to pale or shine: —  
‘You never eat, my brother John,  
Nor drink a drop of wine.’

‘Fear not, dear girl: though long our road  
So great a strength is mine,  
For I have eaten holy food,  
And drunk a scented wine.’

A month and a year and a day had gone,  
They came to a sweet country:  
O the silver shades of the forest glades  
Of Bryan’s Brittany!

And the little birds began to talk  
In voices faintly human: —  
‘Who ever saw a dead man walk  
Beside a rosy woman?’

‘O brother, listen to the birds  
Chattering all together!’  
‘The talk of the birds is feather words  
And lighter than a feather.

‘Open, mother, to your son John  
And open to your daughter:  
I bring you Bryan from Babylon,  
From Babylon over the water.

'And her hair is the golden gold of a rose,  
And her lips as the red rose tree,  
And her breasts are as white as the foam, and the light  
Of her eyes is the light of the sea.

'But I must back and over the hill,  
And Bryan must over the sea,  
And you, old mother, who sit quite still,  
Must over the hill with me.'

### *DON JUAN DECLAIMS*

I AM Don Juan, curst from age to age  
By priestly tract and sentimental stage:  
Branded a villain or believed a fool,  
Battered by hatred, seared by ridicule,  
Noble on earth, all but a king in Hell,  
I am Don Juan with a tale to tell.

Hot leapt the dawn from deep Plutonian fires  
And ran like blood among the twinkling spires.  
The market quickened: carts came rattling down:  
Good human music roared about the town,  
'And come,' they cried, 'and buy the best of Spain's  
Great fireskinned fruits with cold and streaming veins!'  
Others, 'The man who'd make a lordly dish,  
Would buy my speckled or my silver fish.'  
And some, 'I stitch you raiment to the rule!'  
And some, 'I sell you attar of Stamboul!'  
'And I have lapis for your love to wear,  
Pearls for her neck and amber for her hair.'  
Death has its gleam. They swing before me still,  
The shapes and sounds and colours of Seville!

For there I learnt to love the plot, the fight,  
The masker's cloak, the ladder set for flight,  
The stern pursuit, the rapier's glint of death,  
The scent of starlit roses, beauty's breath,  
The music and the passion and the prize,  
Aragon lips and Andalusian eyes.  
This day a democrat I scoured the town;  
Courting, the next, I brought a princess down:  
Now in some lady's panelled chamber hid  
Achieved what love approves and laws forbid,  
Now walked and whistled round the sleepy farms  
And clasped a Dulcinea in my arms.

I was the true, the grand idealist:  
My light could pierce the pretty golden mist  
That hides from common souls the starrier climes:  
I loved as small men do ten-thousand times:  
Rose to the blue triumphant, curved my bow,  
Set high the mark and brought an angel low,  
And laced with that brave body and shining soul  
Learnt how to live, then learnt to love the whole.  
And I first broke that jungle dark and dense,  
Which hides the silver house of Commonsense,  
And dissipated that disastrous lie  
Which makes a god of stuffless Unity,  
And drave the dark behind me, and revealed  
A Pagan sunrise on a Christian field.

My legend tells how once, by passion moved,  
I slew the father of a girl I loved,  
Then summoned — like an old and hardened sinner —  
The brand-new statue of the dead to dinner.  
My ribald guests, with Spanish wine aflame,  
Were most delighted when the statue came,  
Bowed to the party, made a little speech,  
And bore me off beyond their human reach.  
Well, priests must flourish and the truth must pale:  
A very pious, entertaining tale.

But this believe. I struck a ringing blow  
At sour Authority's ancestral show,  
And stirred the sawdust understuffing all  
The sceptred or the surpliced ritual.  
I willed my happiness, kept bright and brave  
My thoughts and deeds this side the accursed grave:  
Life was a ten-course banquet after all,  
And neatly rounded by my funeral.  
'Pale guest, why strip the roses from your brow?  
We hope to feast till morning.' 'Who knocks now?',  
'Twelve of the clock, Don Juan.' In came he,  
That shining, tall and cold Authority,  
Whose marble lips smile down on lips that pray,  
And took my hand, and I was led away.

### *THE PAINTER'S MISTRESS*

AND still you paint, and still I stand  
White and erect, the classic pose,  
And still, a soft-winged bee, your hand  
Moves comrade of a glance that flows  
Over my body like love's tide:  
And still the pale noon-shadows glide.

And still I hear each sound that falls,  
The wood that starts in the sun's heat,  
The mouse astir among the walls,  
While down the summer-smitten street  
A cart rolls lonely on: the hush  
Tightens: I hear the flickering brush.

So with sweet pain for hour on hour  
I to your dark and roving eyes  
Abandon more than Love had power  
To offer, in Love's mysteries:  
You see me with the deeper sight,  
Veiled in faint air and gemmed with light.

So shall the gaze of the soul-deep lover  
Guide where the sunray darts and swims  
Down from the shoulders: still discover  
The rose and iris of these limbs,  
Low flames that haunt the curve and fold  
And in dark hollow tresses, gold.

### *IN HOSPITAL*

**W**OULD I might lie like this, without the pain,  
For seven years — as one with snowy hair,  
Who in the high tower dreams his dying reign —

Lie here and watch the walls — how grey and bare,  
The metal bed-post, the uncoloured screen,  
The mat, the jug, the cupboard, and the chair;

And served by an old woman, calm and clean,  
Her misted face familiar, yet unknown,  
Who comes in silence, and departs unseen,

And with no other visit, lie alone,  
Nor stir, except I had my food to find  
In that dull bowl Diogenes might own.

And down my window I would draw the blind,  
And never look without, but, waiting, hear  
A noise of rain, a whistling of the wind,

And only know that flame-foot Spring is near  
By trilling birds, or by the patch of sun  
Crouching behind my curtains. So, in fear,

Noon-dreams should enter, softly, one by one,  
And throng about the floor, and float and play  
And flicker on the screen, while minutes run —

The last majestic minutes of the day —  
And with the mystic shadows, Shadow grow.  
Then the grey square of wall should fade away,

And glow again, and open, and disclose  
The shimmering lake in which the planets swim,  
And all that lake a dewdrop on a rose.

### TAOPING

**A**CROSS the vast blue-shadow-sweeping plain  
The gathered armies darken through the grain,  
Swinging curved swords and dragon-sculptured spears,  
Footmen, and tiger-hearted cavaliers.  
Them Government (whose fragrance Poets sing)  
Hath bidden break the rebels of Taoping,  
And fire and fell the monstrous fort of fools  
Who dream that men may dare the deathless rules.  
Whom dire example even now can show  
Where high before the Van, in triple row,  
First fiery blossom of rebellion's tree,  
Twelve spear-stemmed heads are dripping silently.  
(On evil day you sought, O ashen lips,  
The kiss of women from our town of ships,  
Nor ever dreamt, O spies, of falsè spies,  
The popped cup and passion-mocking eyes!)



By these grim civil trophies undismayed,  
In lacquered panoplies the chiefs parade.  
Behind, the plain's floor rocks: the armies come:  
The rose-round lips blow battle horns: the drum  
Booms oriental measure. Earth exults.  
And still behind, the tottering catapults  
Pulled by slow slaves, grey backs with crimson lines,  
Roll resolutely west. And still behind,  
Down the canal's hibiscus-shaded marge  
The glossy mules draw on the cedar barge,  
Railed silver, blue-silk-curtained, which within  
Bears the Commander, the old Mandarin,  
Who never left his palace gates before,  
But hath grown blind reading great books on war.

Now level on the land and cloudless red  
The sun's slow circle dips toward the dead.  
Night-hunted, all the monstrous flags are furled:  
The Armies halt, and round them halts the World.  
A phantom wind flies out among the rice;  
Hush turns the twin horizons in her vice;  
Air thickens: earth is pressed upon earth's core.  
The cedar barge swings gently to the shore  
Among her silver shadows and the swans:  
The blind old man sets down his pipe of bronze.  
The long whips cease. The slaves slacken the chain.  
The gaunt-towered engines space the silent plain.  
The hosts like men held in a frozen dream  
Stiffen. The breastplates drink the scarlet gleam.  
But the Twelve Heads with shining sockets stare  
Further and further West. Have they seen there,  
Black on blood's sea and huger than Death's wing,  
Their *cannon-bowelled* fortress of Taoping?

(ll. 1-19)

**T**EARFUL he spake: then drave the fleet along:  
At length to Cumæ, by Euboeans raised,  
They gliding came: set prows to face the sea,  
Struck deep the anchor's stubborn tooth, festooned  
Its harbour with the sweep of curved array.  
Then leap the young ashore with flashing souls  
(Are not the sands Hesperian?): they strike  
Flints for their veins' hot secret, or they stray  
With cleavesome axe unhoming furry beasts  
Or shew on what tracks water may be found.

But this meanwhile god-fearing Æneas  
Seeks the gapped cave where high Apollo reigns  
And his dire Sibyl murmurs truth of doom,  
Mind and soul breathed on by the god-inspired  
To flash out prophecies. They have come near  
Diana's garden and her golden fane.

Dædalus once, Minoan realms to flee –  
Brave with great swooping wings to swim the sky –  
Steered a blind journey to the windy North  
Till his strange shadows darkened Cumæ's rock.  
He, then alighting, there to Earth returned,  
To Phoebus sacrificed those oars, his wings.

★ ★ ★ ★

(ll. 264-547) ..

Gods of the ghostly Empire and ye shades  
So still, Chaos and Phlegethon so still  
With leagues of night around you, me empower  
Heard tales to tell: me with high aid empower  
Earth's deep-embowelled secret to betray!

<sup>1</sup> *Author's Note.*—I have of course, tried to translate the sound of the thing rather than the text—cf. my translation of 'armatus', l. 388, and of 'noctemque profundam', l. 462.

They went obscure in lowering lone night  
Through lodges of King Dis, untenanted, —  
Featureless lands. Thus goes a forest pathway  
Beneath the curst light of the wav'ring moon,  
When Jove has gloomed the sky, and pitchy dark  
Uncoloured all the world. In Hell's first reach  
Fronting the very vestibule of Orcus  
Griefs and the Cares have set their couches down, —  
The vengeful Cares. There pale Diseases dwell,  
Sad Eld and Fear and loathsome Poverty  
And Hunger, that bad counsellor — dire shapes —  
And Death and Toil, and Sleep brother of Death  
And soul-corrupting joys. Opposed he viewed .  
War the great murderer, and those steel bowers  
The Furies deck for bridal, and Discord  
Daft, with blood-ribbons on her serpent hair.

But straight in front a huge black knotted elm  
Stood branching: here, they say, the Vain Dreams roost; —  
There's not a leaf without one stuck behind!  
Next he saw twisted beasts of the old tales:  
Centaur's were stabled at the gates: Scyllas  
Spread their twin shapes, Briareus his hundred arms.  
And Lerna's beast behold hissing out fear,  
Chimæra too, who fights with fire, and Gorgons,  
And Harpies, and a shade with a triple form!  
Such was the horror seized Æneas then  
He made to meet their onset with cold steel,  
And had th' instructed Sibyl not advised  
That these were gossamer vitalities  
Flitting in stuffless mockery of form,  
He'd have leapt on and lashed the empty air.

Hence leads a road to Acheron, vast flood  
Of thick and restless slime: all that foul ooze  
It belches in Cocytus. Here keeps watch  
That wild and filthy pilot of the marsh  
Charon, from whose rugged old chin trails down

The hoary beard of centuries: his eyes  
Are fixed, but flame. His grimy cloak hangs loose  
Rough-knotted at the shoulder: his own hands  
Pole on the boat, or tend the sail that wafts  
His dismal skiff and its fell freight along.  
Ah, he is old, but with that toughening eld  
That speaks his godhead! To the bank and him  
All a great multitude came pouring down,  
Brothers and husbands, and the proud-souled heroes,  
Life's labour done: and boys and unwed maidens  
And the young men by whose flame-funeral  
Parents had wept. Many as leaves that fall  
Gently in autumn when the sharp cold comes  
Or all the birds that flock at the turn o' the year  
Over the ocean to the lands of light.  
They stood and prayed each one to be first taken:  
They stretched their hands for love of the other side,  
But the grim sailor takes now these, now those:  
And some he drives a distance from the shore.  
Æneas, moved and marvelling at this stir  
Cried — 'O chaste Sibyl tell me why this throng  
That rushes to the river? What desire  
Have all these phantoms? and what rule's award  
Drives these back from the marge, lets those go over  
Sweeping the livid shallows with the oar?'  
The old priestess replied in a few words,  
'Son of Anchises of true blood divine,  
Behold the deep Cocytus and dim Styx  
By whom the high gods fear to swear in vain.  
This shiftless crowd all is unsepulchred:  
The boatman there is Charon: those who embark  
The buried. None may leave this beach of horror  
To cross the growling stream before that hour  
That hides their white bones in a quiet tomb.  
A hundred years they flutter round these shores:  
Then they may cross the waters long desired.'

Æneas stopped and stood there heavily  
Thoughtful and sad for this unfair decree.  
Wretched for lack of sepulchre he saw  
Leucaspis and the Lycian convoy's chief  
Orontes. They left Troy with rough sea  
And lost their ships and crew to the south-west wind.

There too did roam the pilot Palinurus,  
Who steering up from Libya by the stars  
Had fallen from the stern a few days since  
Deep in the wave. So girt with gloom stood he  
The hero scarce could see — but seeing, he cried: —  
'Thee, Palinurus, what relentless god  
Tore from our love to drown thee in mid main?  
Say, for Apollo never yet found false  
Deceived me here, in mystic song foretelling  
That safe across the waters thou shouldst come  
To tread Italian soil. Is this kept promise?'  
But he: — 'Captain, the Tripod sang no lies  
Nor was't a god that flung me to the waves,  
But whilst I steered, the chance of a sharp shock  
So wrenched the gear entrusted to my hands  
That clinging fast I was swept overboard  
Tiller and all. Witness, O passionate waves,  
Less did I fear my peril than the ship's  
Which now dismantled and its pilot gone  
Rode at the mercy of the bristling swell.  
Three winter nights across the infinite sea  
The strong South bore me, piling up the waves;  
But the fourth morning from a billow's crest  
I saw the cliffs of Italy and swam  
Landwards slowly. For now was danger past  
Had not a cruel folk come on with swords,  
As weighted by my dripping clothes I clutched  
A broken rock's summit with crooked hand,  
And deemed me — brutes — a prize. Sport of the waves  
Is Palinurus now, and the winds whirl him

All up and down the shore. By the kind light  
And spacious air I pray thee: by the Sire  
And young Iulus growing fair and tall  
Defeat my woes, unconquerable man!  
Either cast earth upon me — as thou mayst  
To Veline harbour steering, or maybe  
If there's a way — thy mother was divine  
And much it needeth the god's help to float  
On such grand rivers and the Stygian mere —  
Hold out thy land to one who is in sorrow,  
Bear me across the wave ! So shall I know  
At least of Death the quiet and the home.'  
He spake: the Sibyl answered: 'Palinurus,  
What dread desire is thine? Wouldst thou attempt,  
Unburied, waves of Styx and that stern stream  
The Furies haunt? Wouldst thou approach that shore  
And have no mandate? Dost thou hope to melt  
Fate with a prayer? But listen and take heart  
For all the people of the cities round  
Driven forth by omens dire from the high heaven  
Shall honour thy remains and raise a tomb  
And on thy tomb shall all due rites perform  
And all that place for evermore shall keep  
The name of Palinurus.' As she spake  
His trouble ceased: a while from his sad heart  
Grief flies. He is glad the land should bear his name.

Set path pursuing they approached the stream  
Whom soon the sailor of the Stygian wave  
Saw pass the silent wood and seek the marge  
And hailed censorious: — 'Thou who walkest down  
Clashing thy armour by our streams of Hell,  
Speak thy intent: there on thy road stand still!  
Here lies the land of shadow dream and night,  
And no warm flesh may ride on Stygian keel.  
Small joy had I admitting to this mere  
Hercules or those victor sons of Heaven

Peirithoos and Theseus. Hercules  
Chained with bare hands the dog of Tartarus  
And dragged him from the throne quaking: they came  
To rape our mistress from the bed of Dis.'

'We spin no snares,' the Amphrysian sharp replied:  
'Be soothed, no violence these arms portend.  
Let the huge Janitor's eternal cry  
Still from his cave confound the bloodless ghosts,  
And Proserpine unravished still attend  
Her kinsman's threshold. Æneas of Troy,  
Famed dutiful and fearless, here descends  
To embrace his father in your pits of gloom.  
If high devotion spells thee nought, this bough  
(She drew it from her breast) may move thee still.'

Calm sank the heart but now swoln out with rage:  
With no word more, eyeing that ancient bough,  
Doom's symbol, after ages seen again,  
Turned he his cærule prow and made the shore.  
Thence other souls who sat along the dunes  
He drave, and let his gangway down, and took  
The huge Æneas in his patchèd punt,  
Which groaned o'ercargoed; and through many a crack  
Oozed up the mere: yet safe across the stream  
Sibyl and soldier did he row, and beached  
On the green formless slime of the other side.

Cerberus here sends ringing through his realm  
A triple-throated howling, couched, immune,  
With cavern for a kennel. The Priestess,  
Seeing his dragon necks stiffen to strike,  
A cake of honey and bemusing herbs  
Tossed him. Three maws the ravening monster spread,  
Snapped it in air, and all his hugesome bulk  
Uncoiled and sprawled and stretched across the cave.  
Æneas down the brute-unwardened path  
Quick pace pursues. Behind him lies the stream  
Whose waves whisper no whisper of return.

Now cries are heard, and thin abundant wind:  
 All down Hell's forecourt weep the Infant Souls,  
 Whom shareless of life's shining dower, Doom  
 Tore from the breast and whelmed in Death's sharp wave,  
 Near, men judged out of life by false decree.  
 They have their urn, their Umpire, these abodes:  
 'Tis Minos draws the lots, he who may call  
 The council of the silent: he who reads,  
 Grand arbiter, the histories of men.  
 And next them flit the Sad Ones who prepared  
 With their rash hands their own extinction's cup  
 And flung their souls on dark to spite the day.  
 Ah could they, could they back to the bright sky  
 What years would they not bear of toil or pain!  
 Law bars them fast: the mere's grim loveless wave  
 Bounds their domain: Styx nine times interfused  
 Imprisons. Here the Broken-hearted Fields  
 Roll out to the horizon. Such their name.  
 Here those whom Love remorseless and unkind  
 Devoured by dissolution, walk in peace  
 Down secret byways of a myrtle forest.  
 Here Phædra, Procris and sad Eriphyle  
 He saw, whom her fierce son had wounded sore,  
 Pasiphæ, Evadne: in their train  
 Laodamia, and that once a boy  
 Now woman, Cæneus, thus reshaped by doom.  
 Among them one love-pierced not long ago –  
 Dido of Carthage roamed the tall grove through  
 Whom when Troy's hero drawing near beheld .  
 Gliding through murk and shadow, as one sees  
 Or dreams to see through clouds the thin new moon,  
 He wept, calling her with a lover's cry: –  
 'Dido ill-starred, but was it truth they told me,  
 Thy fate – the self-sought ending by the sword?  
 To death I brought thee. O by the stars I swear  
 By the high gods and by all faith that holds



In Earth's black core, unwilling, O my queen,  
Sailed I away from Carthage. But the gods,  
They who now send me through this shadow world,  
These lands so far, this oceanic night,  
Drive me with uncharitable command  
Nor could I dream sorrow as sharp as that  
Should wait on my departure. But stay, stay!  
I do not pass so soon: whom dost thou flee?  
Fate grants me thus to hail thee the last time!  
So tried Æneas through his tears to assuage  
That shy wild spirit glancing round in fear:  
But she looked down, turning her face aside,  
A face as unresponsive to appeal  
As a hard flint or a high marble mountain.  
Then darting back, down the dark grove she flies  
Unfriendly, where Sichæus, her old spouse,  
His gentleness love's proxy, tends her still.  
Æneas, victim of a chance unfair  
Still follows, weeps, and pities as she flies.

But now, their journey's settled path pursuing,  
On to the ultimate secret fields they move,  
Where walk the mighty Captains. Tydeus here  
He saw, and Parthenopæus, warrior bold,  
And one that seemed Adrastus, and so pale,  
And all the war-mown Trojans, for whose fate  
Such tears had been shed in the face of heaven.  
Rank upon rank he, sorrowful, saw them, —  
Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus,  
Antenor's son and Polyphœtes, vowed  
Demeter's, and still armed, still charioted  
Idæus. Right and left the Spirits crowd  
To their eyes' festival, to dally pleased,  
Or step beside, or ask him all his tale.  
But when the Danaan phalanx and great hosts  
Of Agamemnon saw a Man and Arms  
That flashed among the shadows, terrible fear

Set them áquiver: as to the ships of old  
Some turned to flee: some raised a little cry,  
So thin its echoes mocked their gaping mouths.

Here saw he Priam's son, Deiphobus,  
With all his body rent, all his face torn  
And both his hands, and ravaged earless head,  
And cut nostrils — dishonourable wounds.  
Yet could he recognize the quaking ghost  
That strove to veil the horror of its face  
And called him in the voice he could well know: —  
'Deiphobus, Hero of old Trojan blood,  
Who willed you this vile punishment? To whom  
Was power against you given? Rumour told me  
On that last night how on a tower of dead,  
Weary with slaughter of the Greeks, you lay  
Prone. It was I then raised on Rhætian shore  
The empty mound and thrice with a loud cry  
Summoned thy wraith. Arms and a name preserve  
That place — but thee, dear friend, I could not find  
To bury e'er I left my native land.'  
But Priam's son: — 'Friend, what couldst thou do more?  
Thou hast paid every due to death and me.  
But me my destiny true the sin  
Of that She-murderess of Spartan brood  
Whelmed in these woes: these are her monuments.  
How in deceitful pleasure that last night  
We spent, well dost thou know, too well must know, —  
When with a leap o'er steep-stoned Pergamon  
Pregnant with soldiery, the fatal horse  
Its bristling burden flung. She, she it was  
With traitor dance led round our Phrygian dames  
The wild Evøe proclaiming! A huge torch  
She shook above the revel, which did call  
The Danaans from Troy Tower. I heavily  
Slept the meanwhile on couch of doom, and me  
Deep honied quiet, miming Death's own peace,

Thralled. And my dear spouse, busy all the while,  
Strips the house bare of arms: and my good sword's  
No longer at my pillow. "Ready now!  
In Menelaus! Every door's ajar!"

This was her great gift to her old lover,  
And this her scheme for hushing up old tales!  
Quick to the end now! They break in my door,  
With them Ulysses, Crime's High Advocate,  
Gods, load this on the Greeks — if the good man  
Who cries down vengeance be a good man still!  
But thee alive what hap — tell in thy turn —  
Brought here? Dost come a plaything of the wave  
By traveller's chance? Or at the hest divine?  
What fate's oppression draws thee to these homes  
Where no sun shines nor any view stands clear?

But while they talked, across the pole of heaven  
Had swept the Charioteer who drives from Dawn,  
And dalliance had soon eaten up the dole  
Of time allotted: so the Sibyl warned —  
'Down comes the night, Æneas: all too fast  
We weep the hours away. Here splits the road,  
Right, to the foot of the big walls of Dis,  
But the left leads the damned to their deserts  
In impious Tartary.' 'But chide no more,'  
Replied Deiphobus: 'I will return:  
My place is in the roll-call of the Dead,  
Go, Splendour of our Story: grace be thine  
Beyond our measure.' And he turned away.

1914

## THE DYING PATRIOT

DAY breaks on England down the Kentish hills,  
Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing rills,  
Day of my dreams, O day!  
I saw them march from Dover, long ago,  
With a silver cross before them, singing low,  
Monks of Rome from their home where the blue seas break in foam,  
Augustine with his feet of snow.

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,  
— Beauty she was statue cold — there's blood upon her gown:  
Noon of my dreams, O noon!  
Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,  
With her towers and tombs and statues all arow,  
With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers there,  
And the streets where the great men go.

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,  
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales:  
O evening dreams!  
There's a house that Britons walked in, long ago,  
Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,  
And the dead robed in red and sea-lilies overhead  
Sway when the long winds blow.

Sleep not, my country: though night is here, afar  
Your children of the morning are clamorous for war:  
Fire in the night, O dreams!  
Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,  
South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,  
West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides I must go  
Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young Star-captains  
glow.

## A SACRED DIALOGUE

(Christmas 1912)

THE silver Bishop of Bethlehem,  
A desolate Turkish town,  
Speaks with a shape each Christmas day  
That floats to music down.

*The Bishop of Bethlehem*  
Peace and goodwill, Son of the King!  
Thy Birthday and Thy Star!

*Christ*  
Peace and goodwill the world may sing:  
But we shall talk of war!

How fare my armies of the North?

*The Bishop*  
They wait victorious peace,  
All the high forts of Macedon  
Fly the proud flag of Greece.

*Christ*  
Then surely on that Eastern dome  
The Allies' cross is gleaming,  
Redeemed my loved and ancient home!<sup>1</sup>

*The Bishop*  
Ah, it still waits redeeming!

*Christ*  
Still waits — Five hundred years, and still  
My soldiers wait — so long?

*The Bishop*  
Thou hast Fate's sceptre. What thy will  
Dooms could split earth, thou Strong!

<sup>1</sup> St. Sophia.

*Christ*

My nations are steel towers built tall,  
Shepherd of Bethlehem,  
Tell none this Moslem cracked stone wall  
Is more than jest for them?

Yet Islam oft would strip and slay  
Christian woman and child,  
And Europe feast that Christmas day  
A coward reconciled.

Yet some day o'er Pamphylian waves  
Shall Byzant chants be ringing,  
And rose-crowned hermits leave their caves  
And sail to Patmos singing;

Some day Nicea's pool again  
Shall bear the creed of the World,  
And that day crashing from my fane  
Shall that horned moon be hurled.

Then some deep-faithed Priest will shout:  
Oh, cease ye bells forlorn,  
We have forgotten Jerusalem  
And the land where He was born!

Then the black cannons of the Lord  
Shall wake crusading ghosts  
And the Milky Way shall swing like a sword  
When Jerusalem vomits its horde  
On the Christmas day preferred of the Lord,  
The Christmas day of the Hosts!

*Note by the Author.* — Originally written for Christmas 1912, and referring to the first Balkan War, this poem contains in the last speech of Christ words that ring like a prophecy of events that may occur very soon.

*December 1914*

## THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep  
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,  
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep  
For Famagusta and the hidden sun  
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;  
And all those ships were certainly so old  
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,  
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,  
The pirates Genoese  
Hell-raked them till they rolled  
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.  
But now through friendly seas they softly run,  
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,  
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,  
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn  
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,  
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;  
And, wonder's breath indrawn,  
Thought I — who knows — who knows — but in that same  
(Fished up beyond *Ææa*, patched up new  
— Stern painted brighter blue —)  
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came  
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)  
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,  
And with great lies about his wooden horse  
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship — who knows, who knows?  
— And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain  
To see the mast burst open with a rose,  
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

## THE BLUE NOON

WHEN the whole sky is vested silken blue  
With not one fleece to view,  
Drown your deep eyes afar, and see you must  
How the light azure dust  
And speckled atoms of the polished skies  
Are large blue butterflies.  
The proof? Lie in a field on heavy noons,  
When Nature drones and croons  
And on man's distant cry or dog's far bark  
Hush sets the instant mark,  
Look up: when nothing earthly stirs or sings  
You hear them wave their wings,  
And watch the breeze their vanity awakes  
Light on the heavenly lakes.  
But when the shades before the sun's huge fall  
In sham retreat grow tall,  
Their ambushed allies, the impatient stars,  
Make ready for bright wars,  
And shoot ten million arrows to chastise  
The tardy butterflies  
Who dive in hosts toward the diving sphere  
That holds the light's frontier,  
And the poor vanquished, turning as they glide,  
Show their gold underside.



## A FRAGMENT

O POURING westering streams  
Shouting that I have leapt the mountain bar,  
Down curve on curve my journey's white way gleams -  
My road along the river of return.

I know the countries where the white moons burn,  
And heavy star on star  
Dips on the pale and crystal desert hills.  
I know the river of the sun that fills  
With founts of gold the lakes of Orient sky.

★ ★ ★

And I have heard a voice of broken seas  
And from the cliffs a cry.  
Ah still they learn, those cave-eared Cyclades,  
The Triton's friendly or his fearful horn  
And why the deep sea-bells but seldom chime,  
And how those waves and with what spell-swept rhyme  
In years of morning, on a summer's morn  
Whispering round his castle on the coast,  
Lured young Achilles from his haunted sleep  
And drave him out to dive beyond those deep  
Dim purple windows of the empty swell,  
His ivory body flitting like a ghost  
Over the holes where flat blind fishes dwell,  
All to embrace his mother thronèd in her shell.

## NARCISSUS

O POOL in which we dallied  
And splashed the prostrate Noon!  
O Water-boy, more pallid  
Than any watery moon!  
O Lilies round him turning!  
O broken Lilies, strewn!  
O silver Lutes of Morning!  
O Red of the Drums of Noon!  
O dusky-plumaged sorrow!  
O ebon Swans of Care —  
I sought thee on the Morrow,  
And never found thee there!  
I breathed the vapour-blended  
Cloud of a dim despair:  
White lily, is it ended?  
Gold lily — oh, golden hair!  
The pool that was thy dwelling  
I hardly knew again,  
So black it was, and swelling  
With bitter wind and rain.  
'Mid the bowed leaves I lingered,  
Lashed by the blast of Pain,  
Till evening, storm-rose-fingered,  
Beckoned to night again.  
There burst a flood of Quiet  
Over the unstellèd skies;  
Full moon flashed out a-riot:  
Near her I dreamt thine eyes  
Afloat with night, still trembling  
With captured mysteries:  
But sulphured wracks, assembling,  
Redarkened the bright skies.

Ah, thou at least art lying  
Safe at the white nymph's feet,  
Listless, while I, slow-dying,  
Twist my gaunt limbs for heat!  
Yet I'll to Earth, my Mother:  
So, boy, I'll still entreat  
Forgive me — for none other  
Like Earth is honey-sweet!

*(See former version, page 18)*

### STILLNESS

WHEN the words rustle no more,  
And the last work's done,  
When the bolt lies deep in the door,  
And Fire, our Sun,  
Falls on the dark-laned meadows of the floor;

When from the clock's last chime to the next chime  
Silence beats his drum,  
And Space with gaunt grey eyes and her brother Time  
Wheeling and whispering come,  
She with the mould of form and he with the loom of rhyme:

Then twittering out in the night my thought-birds flee,  
I am emptied of all my dreams:  
I only hear Earth turning, only see  
Ether's long bankless streams,  
And only know I should drown if you laid not your hand on me.

## THE PENSIVE PRISONER

MY thoughts came drifting down the Prison where I lay —  
Through the Windows of their Wings the stars were  
shining —

The wings bore me away — the russet Wings and grey  
With feathers like the moon-bleached Flowers — I was a God  
reclining:

Beneath me lay my Body's Chain and all the Dragons born of Pain  
As I burned through the Prison Roof to walk on Pavement Shining.

The Wild Wind of Liberty swept through my Hair and sang  
beyond:

I heard the Souls of men asleep chattering in the Eaves  
And rode on topmost Boughs of Heaven's single-moon-fruited  
Silver Wand,

Night's unifying Tree whereof the central Stars be leaves —  
O Thoughts, Thoughts, Thoughts — Fire-angel-birds relentless —  
Will you not brood in God's Star-tree and leave Red Heart  
tormentless!

## HEXAMETERS

**O** HAPPY Dome so lightly swimming through storm-riven  
Æther,  
Blue burning and gold, the hollow of Chaos adorning,  
Shine, happy Dome of th' air, on Sea thy sister, on ancient  
Plains, on sharp snowbeard mountains, on silvery waters,  
On knotted eld-mossed trees, on roses starry with April —  
But most shine upon one lying tormented, a dreamer,  
Thy lover. Ah wherefore did a rift so cruel across thee  
Open? A long tremulous sighing comes thence, with a great wind,  
Darkness ever blowing round thy blue curtain. A finger  
Out of Hell aims at me. Gather, O sweet Dome o' the Morning,  
Thy rapid ardent flamy quiver, thy splintery clusters:  
Send a volley straight through to the heart of this desolation,  
And burning, blasting with a shaft of thunderous azure,  
Break the ebon soldiers, restore his realm to the dreamer!

## PHILOMEL

*(From the French of Paul Fort)*

**O** SING, in heart of silence hiding near,  
Thou whom the roses bend their heads to hear!  
In silence down the moonlight slides her wing:  
Will no rose breathe while Philomel doth sing?  
No breath — and deeper yet the perfume grows:  
The voice of Philomel can slay a rose:  
The song of Philomel on nights serene  
Implores the gods who roam in shades unseen,  
But never calls the roses, whose perfume  
Deepens and deepens, as they wait their doom.  
Is it not silence whose great bosom heaves?  
Listen, a rose-tree drops her quiet leaves.

Now silence flashes lightning like a storm:  
Now silence is a cloud, and cradled warm  
By risings and by fallings of the tune  
That Philomel doth sing, as shines the moon,  
— A bird's or some immortal voice from Hell!  
There is no breath to die with, Philomel!  
And yet the world has changed without a breath.  
The moon lies heavy on the roses' death,  
And every rosebush droops its leafy crown.  
A gust of roses has gone sweeping down.

The panicked garden drives her leaves about:  
The moon is masked: it flares and flickers out.  
O shivering petals on your lawn of fear,  
Turn down to Earth and hear what you shall hear.  
A beat, a beat, a beat beneath the ground,  
And hurrying beats, and one great beat profound.

A heart is coming close: I have heard pass  
The noise of a great Heart upon the grass.  
The petals reel. Earth opens: from beneath  
The ashen roses on their lawn of death,  
Raising her peaceful brow, the grand and pale  
Demeter listens to the nightingale.

*FROM JEAN MORÉAS' 'STANCES'*

THE garden rose I paid no honour to,  
So humbly poised and fashioned on its spray,  
Has now by wind unkissed, undrenched by dew,  
Lived captive in her vase beyond a day.

And tired and pale, bereft of earth and sun,  
Her blossom over and her hour of pride,  
She has dropped all her petals, one by one,  
Unmindful if she lived or how she died.

When doom is passing in her dusky glade  
Let us learn silence. In this evening hour,  
O heart bowed down with mystery and shade,  
Too heavy lies the spectre of a flower!

## THE PRINCESS

*(A Story from the Modern Greek)*

A PRINCESS armed a privateer to sail the Chersonese  
And fitted it with purple sails to belly in the breeze,  
With golden cords and oaken boards and a name writ out in  
pearls,  
And all the jolly mariners were gallant little girls.

The King's Son he came hunting her in frigates two or three,  
'Give me one kiss, Princess,' he cried, 'and take a ship from me;  
And would you like the yellow boat or would you like the red,  
Or would you take myself and mine, the gold and green instead?'

'Sir, handsome fellow as you are, it's curious, you know,  
To ask a maid for kisses in mid-archipelago:  
But come and fight with us, young man; the prize is for the brave.'  
They fought: it chanced the lady won and took him for a slave.

She drave him to the yellow boat and lashed him to the oar.  
'Now pull, my handsome Prince,' said she, 'till you can pull no  
more.'

'O Princess, do but listen to a valiant boy's appeal,  
And take me from this bitter oar, and put me at the wheel.'

'O foolish Prince,' she answered him; 'back to your oar and pull.  
Row hard and soon we'll anchor in the gulf of Istamboul.  
While the slaves collect provisions and the sailors go for drink  
You may chance to find your Captain not so brutal as you think!'



## PANNYRA OF THE GOLDEN HËEL

(*From Albert Samain*)

THE revel pauses and the room is still:  
The silver flute invites her with a trill,  
And, buried in her great veils fold on fold,  
Rises to dance Pannyra, Heel of Gold.  
Her light steps cross; her subtle arm impels  
The clinging drapery; it shrinks and swells,  
Hollows and floats, and bursts into a whirl:  
She is a flower, a moth, a flaming girl.  
All lips are silent; eyes are all in trance:  
She slowly wakes the madness of the dance,  
Windy and wild the golden torches burn;  
She turns, and swifter yet she tries to turn,  
Then stops: a sudden marble stiff she stands.  
The veil that round her coiled its spiral bands,  
Checked in its course, brings all its folds to rest,  
And clinging to bright limb and pointed breast  
Shows, as beneath silk waters woven fine,  
Pannyra naked in a flash divine!

• THE GATE OF THE ARMIES

*(From Henri de Régnier)*

SWING out thy doors, high gate that dreadst not night,  
Bronze to the left and iron to the right.  
Deep in a cistern has been flung thy key;  
If dread thee close, anathema on thee;  
And like twin shears let thy twin portals cut  
The hand's fist through that would thee falsely shut  
Again thy dusky vault hath heard resound  
Steps of strong men who never yet gave ground,  
Marching with whom came breathless and came bold  
Victory naked with broad wings of gold.  
Her glaive to guide them calmly soars and dips;  
Her kiss is lifeblood's purple on their lips.  
From rose-round mouths the clarions shake and shrill,  
A brazen boom of bees that hunt to kill.  
'Drink, swarm of war, stream from your plated hives  
And cull death's dust on flowery-fleshed fierce lives,  
So, when back home to native town ye march,  
Beneath those golden wings and my black arch  
May all men watch my pavement, as each pace  
Of your red feet leaves clear its sanguine trace.'

## NOVEMBER EVES

NOVEMBER Evenings! Damp and still  
They used to cloak Leckhampton hill,  
And lie down close on the grey plain,  
And dim the dripping window-pane,  
And send queer winds like Harlequins  
That seized our elms for violins  
And struck a note so sharp and low  
Even a child could feel the woe.

Now fire chased shadow round the room,  
Tables and chairs grew vast in gloom:  
We crept about like mice, while Nurse  
Sat mending, solemn as a hearse,  
And even our unlearned eyes  
Half closed with choking memories.

Is it the mist or the dead leaves,  
Or the dead men — November eves?

## GOD SAVE THE KING

**G**OD save our gracious King,  
Nation and State and King,  
God save the King!  
Grant him the Peace divine,  
But if his Wars be Thine  
Flash on our fighting line  
Victory's Wing!

Thou in his suppliant hands  
Hast placed such Mighty Lands:  
Save thou our King!  
As once from golden Skies  
Rebels with flaming eyes,  
So the King's Enemies  
Doom Thou and fling!

Mountains that break the night  
Holds he by eagle right  
Stretching far Wing!  
Dawn lands for Youth to reap,  
Dim lands where Empires sleep,  
His! And the Lion Deep  
Roars for the King.

But most these few dear miles  
Of sweetly-meadowed Isles —  
England all Spring;  
Scotland that by the marge  
Where the blank North doth charge  
Hears Thy Voice loud and large,  
Save, and their King!

Grace on the golden Dales  
Of Thine old Christian Wales  
    Shower till they sing,  
Till Erin's Island lawn  
Echoes the dulcet-drawn  
Song with a cry of Dawn —  
    God save the King!

### *THE BURIAL IN ENGLAND*

THESE then we honour: these in fragrant earth  
Of their own country in great peace forget  
Death's lion-roar and gust of nostril-flame  
Breathing souls across to the Evening Shore.  
Soon over these the flowers of our hill-sides  
Shall wake and wave and nod beneath the bee  
And whisper love to Zephyr year on year,  
Till the red war gleam like a dim red rose  
Lost in the garden of the Sons of Time.  
But ah what thousands no such friendly doom  
Awaits — whom silent comrades in full night  
Gazing right and left shall bury swiftly  
By the cold flicker of an alien moon.

Ye veiled women, ye with folded hands,  
Mourning those you half hoped for Death too dear,  
I claim no heed of you. Broader than earth  
Love stands eclipsing nations with his wings,  
While Pain, his shadow, delves as black and deep  
As he e'er flamed or flew. Citizens draw  
Back from their dead awhile. Salute the flag!

If this flag though royally always borne,  
Deceived not dastard, ever served base gold;

If the dark children of the old Forest  
Once feared it, or ill Sultans mocked it furled,  
Yet now as on a thousand death-reaped days  
It takes once more the unquestionable road.  
O bright with blood of heroes, not a star  
Of all the north shines purer on the sea!

Our foes — the hardest men a state can forge,  
An army wrenched and hammered like a blade  
Toledo-wrought neither to break nor bend,  
Dipped in that ice the pedantry of power,  
And toughened with wry gospels of dismay;  
Such are these who brake down the door of France,  
Wolves worrying at the old World's honour,  
Hunting Peace not to prison but her tomb.  
But ever as some brown song-bird whose torn nest  
Gapes robbery, darts on the hawk like fire,  
So Peace hath answered, angry and in arms.  
And from each grey hamlet and bright town of France  
From where the apple or the olive grows,  
Or thin tall strings of poplars on the plains,  
From the rough castle of the central hills,  
From the three coasts - of mist and storm and sun,  
And meadows of the four deep-rolling streams,  
From every house whose windows hear God's bell  
Crowding the twilight with the wings of prayer  
And flash their answer in a golden haze,  
Stream the young soldiers who are never tired.  
For all the foul mists vanished when that land  
Called clear, as in the sunny Alpine morn  
The jodeler awakes the frosty slopes  
To thunderous replies, — soon fading far  
Among the vales like songs of dead children.  
But the French guns' answer, ne'er to echoes weak  
Diminished, bursts from the deep trenches yet;  
And its least light vibration blew to dust  
The weary factions, — priest's or guild's or king's,

And side by side troop up the old partisans,  
The same laughing, invincible, tough men  
Who gave Napoleon Europe like a loaf,  
For slice and portion, — not so long ago!  
Either to Alsace or loved lost Lorraine  
They pass, or inexpugnable Verdun  
Ceintured with steel, or stung with faith's old cry  
Assume God's vengeance for his temple stones.  
But you maybe best wish them for the north  
Beside you 'neath low skies in loamed fields,  
Or where the great line hard on the duned shore  
Ends and night leaps to England's sea-borne flame.  
Never one drop of Lethe's stagnant cup  
Dare dim the fountains of the Marne and Aisne  
Since still the flowers and meadow-grass unmown  
Lie broken with the imprint of those who fell,  
Briton and Gaul — but fell immortal friends  
And fell victorious and like tall trees fell.

But young men, you who loiter in the town,  
Need you be roused with overshadowed words,  
Country, Empire, Honour, Liège, Louvain?  
Pay your own Youth the duty of her dreams.  
For what sleep shall keep her from the thrill  
Of War's star-smiting music, with its swell  
Of shore and forest and horns high in the wind,  
(Yet pierced with that too sharp piping which if man  
Hear and not fear he shall face God unscathed):  
What, are you poets whose vain souls contrive  
Sorties and sieges spun of the trickling moon  
And such a rousing ghost-catastrophe  
You need no concrete marvels to be saved?  
Or live you here too lustily for change?  
Sail you such pirate seas on such high quests,  
Hunt you thick gold or striped and spotted beasts,  
Or tread the lone ways of the swan-like mountains?  
Excused. But if, as I think, breeched in blue,

Stalled at a counter, cramped upon a desk,  
You drive a woman's pencraft — or a slave's,  
What chain shall hold you when the trumpets play,  
Calling from the blue hill behind your town,  
Calling over the seas, calling for you!  
'But' — do you murmur? — 'we'd not be as those.  
Death is a dour recruiting-sergeant: see,  
These women weep, we celebrate the dead.'  
Boys, drink the cup of warning dry. Face square  
That old grim hazard, 'Glory-or-the-Grave.'  
Not we shall trick your pleasant years away,  
Yet is not Death the great adventure still,  
And is it all loss to set ship clean anew  
When heart is young and life an eagle poised?  
Choose, you're no cowards. After all, think some,  
Since we are men and shrine immortal souls  
Surely for us as for these nobly dead  
The Kings of England lifting up their swords  
Shall gather at the gate of Paradise.



## THE TRUE PARADISE

LORD, is the Poet to destruction vowed,  
Like the dawn-feather of an April cloud,  
Which signs in russet character or grey  
The name of Beauty on the book of Day?  
We poets crave no heav'n but what is ours —  
These trees beside these rivers; these same flowers  
Shaped and enfragranced to the English field  
Where Thy best florist-craft is full revealed.  
Trees by the river, l' ds upon the bough  
My soul shall ask for, whose flesh enjoys them now  
Through both the pale-blue windows of quick Mind;  
Grant me earth's treats in Paradise to find.  
Nor listen to that island-bound St. John  
Who'd have no Sea in Heaven, no Sea to sail upon!  
Remake this World less Man's and Nature's Pain;  
Save such dear torment as the chill of Rain  
When the sun flouts us like a maid her man  
Drowned in long meshes of a silver Fan.  
Nor, Lord, the good fatigue of labouring breath  
Destroy, but only Sickness, Age and Death.  
Let old Plays teach Despair's sad grandeur still  
And legends trumpet War's last Hero-thrill.  
So I and all my friends, still young, still wise,  
Will shout along thy streets — 'O Paradise!'  
But if prepared for me new Mansions are,  
Chill and unknown, in some bright windy Star,  
Mid strange-shaped Souls from all the Planets seven,  
Lord, I fear deep, and would not go to Heaven.  
Rather in feather-mist I'd fade away  
Like the Dawn-writing of an April day.

## ODE TO THE GLORY OF GREECE

(A Fragment)

HELLAS victorious!  
Two came to me at night  
Glorious  
With that Elysian light  
Which round the phantoms of great Poets dead  
Hovers, as once in their blue earthly eyes  
Played Thoughts with wings outspread, —  
The splendour of their souls.  
Cried one to me, 'O mortal brother, since thou lovest too  
With all thy burning breath  
The stony hills and salt Corinthian blue  
From whose divine dear shore  
Apollo led me to the caves of death—'

But charmèd, he forbore.  
His voice had sung to measure grave and low  
When suddenly his young friend-phantom spoke,  
And Shelley's voice rang like a wave of æther  
Blazing and breaking on rosy cliffs of air,  
And his face was flaming snow, overlushed  
By a river of the sun — his long bright hair.  
'Inheritor,' he sang, 'speed thou away  
Rushing with Æolus and Boreas, rushing on the ancient paths,  
Scattering the rosy plumage of the new arisen day.

'Go thou to Athens, go to Salonica,  
Go thou to Yannina beside the lake,  
And cry, "The vision of the Prophet dead!"  
Cry, "The Olympians wake!"

And cry, "O Towers of Hellas built anew by rhyme,  
Star-woven to my Amphionic lyre,  
Stand you in steel for ever,  
And from your lofty lanterns sweeping the dim hills and the  
nocturnal sea  
Pour out the fire of Hellas, the everlasting fire!"

And then to me once more the Elder Shadow:  
'Still, brother, Shelley's fancy brims desire:  
His soul is so acquainted with great dreams  
That even the immane Elysian meadow  
Whose flowers are stars and every star a world that glides and  
gleams,  
Confines him not — but still he longs to roam  
Beyond the quiet spiritual home.  
— His soul is so acquainted with great dreams  
That man's endeavour  
He seeth not near—that broken river  
Struggling — to what salt sea?

'Since man's endeavour flows as a river, how shall it turn to the  
hills again?  
— Burst again all rosy with morning from snow-starred mountains  
of first renown;  
Who to-day shall hear the Achæans shout from the trench of the  
Troyans slain,  
Who rebuild in music or memory Sparta's tower or Athena's town?

'Since the Roman intercepted and Rome's dimidiate, stoled  
Byzance,  
Shall they hear above their cannon grave, the Periclean tune?  
Christ oversang it, chivalry dimmed it, winding on Parnès the horns  
of France,  
Islam drowned the echo of echo deep in the night of her languid  
moon.'

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Passionate thus he spake, the wise ghost unforgetful  
Of stone and tree, river and shore and plain,  
And the good coloured things of Earth the dead see not again,  
And how man's hope grows weak and his force fretful  
With such great hills to gain.

I for an answer pondered deep,  
And then I seemed to fall from sleep to sleep,  
Watching as through a veil I could not tear  
The threads of rose and gold of Shelley's hair.  
The gold glowed deeper and the rose burnt red,  
And I saw running and rustling at my feet  
The rivers of a golden sun that bled  
Scarlet, scarlet, scarlet as though wounded  
By some celestial archer of the Stars  
In the last fight when God's last trump was sounded;  
Then the great lake of commingling blood and fire  
Burst in a fountain to my window streaming,  
To my Cephisian window high and cool,  
Over far Salamis and Athens gleaming,  
Drowning the sea and city in one deep pool.  
And only now old Parnès of the West  
And grey Hymettus of the dawn  
Rose above the phantom seas  
Like Islands of the Blest.

Then a wind came and swept and whirled away,  
And the mist left Hymettus broken small  
Like a swarm of golden bees.  
Gone is the Poet of the magic locks,  
And Byron gone; master of war's [ . . . ]  
Outflashes white the holy Parthenon  
And broad calm streets of Athens of to-day,  
And in the barracks the far bugles play,  
O listen what they say!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hark, hark the shepherd piping far and near,  
 The hills are dancing to the Dorian mood.  
 To-day Arcady is and the white Fear  
 Naked in sunshine glory still haunts here;  
 The old dark wood  
 Invites to prayer — or fountain in the vale.  
 If not the Cytherean, one more dear  
 Daphnis shall worship — one more pale,  
 She too a heroine of a Grecian tale.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

But if no Pheidias with marble towers  
 Grace our new Athens, simple, calm and wide,  
 Carving a group of men to look like flowers  
 For our new glory's pride.  
 If songs of gentle Solomos be less  
 Than that Aeschylean trump of bronze  
 And if beside Eurotas the lone swans  
 About the desolation press.

Yet still victorious Hellas, thou hast heard  
 Those ancient voices thundering to arms,  
 Thou nation of an older younger day  
 Thou hast gone forth as with the poet's song.  
 Surely the spirit of the old oak grove  
 Rejoiced to hear the cannon round Yannina,  
 Apollo launched his shaft of terror down  
 On Salonica.   .   .   .

• *THE OLD WARSHIP ABLAZE*

**F**OUNDER, old battleship; thy fight is done!  
Yonder ablaze like thee now sinks the sun,  
Shooting the last grand broadside of his beams  
Over thy blackened plates and writhing seams.  
Against hard odds thy crew played all their part,  
Driving thee deathwards that the foe should smart  
Till the guns brake and fire leapt up insane,  
And they abandoned thee, to fight again,  
Who on thy deck, where flicker the gaunt flames,  
Have left so many dead — won such proud names.

Dark flow the waiting waves: one can still see  
Thy giant murderer edge sullenly  
Eastward among the swelling towers of night.  
Canst thou, dying, forget in Hell's despite  
Thy freight of fire and blood, the roar and rage  
Of waves and guns? Thou liest age on age  
Tranced like the Princess in her sleepy Thorn,  
In that curv'd bay where once the film of morn  
Brake azure to thy bugles, skilled to bring  
The Afric breeze, who, prompt on honied wing  
Silvered the waves and then the olive trees,  
And shook like sceptres those stiff companies  
The columned palms — nor till the air was full  
Of flash and whisper came the moon-tide lull.  
Or that far country's ten-year-buried eyes  
Or moonlight scattered like a shower of leaves  
Dost thou recall? — Or how on this same deck,  
Whose flaming planks blood-boultered tilt to wreck,  
The dance went round to music, and how shone  
For English grey, black eyes of Lebanon?

But eastward and still east the World is thrown  
Like a mad hunter seeking dawns unknown  
Who plunges deep in sparkless woods of gloom.  
Lebanon long hath turned into night's womb  
And through her stelled casements pass new dreams:  
Thee too from those last no-more-rival beams  
Earth rolleth back. Alone O ship, O flower,  
O flame, thou sailest for a moth-weak hour!

They come at last, the bird-soft pattering feet!  
Flame high, old ship; the Fair throng up to greet  
Thy splendid doom. See the long spirits, curled  
Beside their dead, stand upright free of the world!  
And seize the bright shapes loosed from blood-warm sleep,  
They, the true ghosts, whose eyes are fixed and deep!

O ship, O fire, O fancy! A swift roar  
Has rent the brow of night. Thou nevermore  
Shalt glide to channel port or Syrian town;  
Light ghosts have danced thee like a plummet down,  
And, swift as Fate through skies with storm bestrewn,  
Dips out ironical that ship New Moon.

